

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

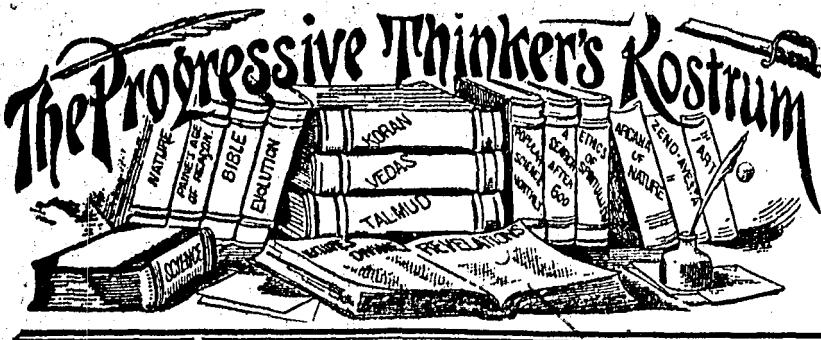
SCIENCE, MORALITY, THE BIBLE OF THE FUTURE.
SUPPLEMENT TO THE FUTURE.

Eight Pages of INTERESTING Reading Matter, each of which is Worthy of Careful Perusal. A Spiritualist Paper that is Sustained by HONEST INDUSTRY.

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NO. 208



COL. INGERSOLL.

He Sways an Audience of Three Thousand People as He Wills.

MYTH AND MIRACLE, A RARE LECTURE, FILLED WITH FLIGHTS OF RHETORIC, AND HIS SATIRE AS KEEN AS WHEN HE FIRST DAZZLED CROWDS BY HIS ATTACKS ON THEOLOGY.

TO THE EDITOR:—I enclose a nearly complete lecture by orator Bob. I have taken the article from both the *Kansas City Star* and *Kansas City Journal*. Neither published it in full, but by combining the two, it is nearly so. I have made a few corrections, which both the *Star* and *Journal* omitted.

Kansas City, Mo. WILL PUTNAM.

COL. INGERSOLL'S ADDRESS IN KANSAS CITY, MO.

For one hour and fifty minutes Robert Ingersoll charmed 3,000 people at the Auditorium in Kansas City, Mo. Thirty-six times during a marvelous delivery of his marvelous lecture on "Myth and Miracle" he was interrupted by applause, often spontaneous, coming like thunder from every nook and corner of the house, often that more genuine applause that starts gradually here and there, and in a few seconds breaks forth like a Niagara, and waning for an instant, starts anew again with even greater force.

When Colonel Ingersoll walked upon the stage and advanced to the front he was greeted with a round of hearty applause. Without preface or introduction he began the delivery of his lecture:

Ladies and gentlemen:—There is only one good, and that is happiness; there is only one place to be happy, and that is here; there is only one time, and that is now; there is only one way, and that is to make others happy. By happiness I do not mean eating and drinking, but the highest happiness, which springs from duty done and obligations discharged. For many centuries the world has been divided into two classes of people, the spiritual and the worldly. The spiritual gentlemen held that it was low and worldly to desire the things of this world; that those who did right carried a cross, but would be rewarded in another world; they worshipped, not intellect, but superstition; they were composed of the monks, the priests, the popes, the parsons, and the exhorters, the devout and the useless. They insisted that this world was soon to be destroyed, and that we had nothing to be valued here; that all earthly ambition was filthy rags; they were willing to pray for others if the others would work for them. The worshippers of the supernatural, who believe in some great thing above the clouds, these are the objects of my attack, and I am not attacking persons, but ideas.

Every human being acts as he must; what he does and believes depends on his surroundings, the quantity and the quality and the shape of his brain. The spiritual gentlemen retarded civilization; they persecuted and imprisoned men; they enslaved mankind; they stood on the crumbling edge of the grave and prophesied an eternity of agony. They furrowed the cheeks of the tender with bitter, bitter tears.



IN THE NAME OF GOD THEY HAVE ENSLAVED THE MINDS OF MEN.

The worldly people were gross enough to love their wives and children better than any god. And it is far better to love your wives and children better than any unknown being, and I'll tell you why. If there be amid the constellations an infinite being, and I don't know whether there is or not, this being the only world I was ever in—if there be a being whose thoughts and dreams are the constellations, he can get along without me. Our wives and children

face and form of nature. These myths are the impressions of the phenomena of nature on the brains of men, all that lies between the smiling morn of birth to death's sad night; they filled the winds and waves with music; they thrilled the veins of spring with desire; they filled autumn's arms with sun-kissed grapes and gathered sheaves, and winter was a weak old king that felt like Lear the tender fall of sweet Cordelia's tears.



THE WORLD IS BETTER TO-NIGHT THAN IT EVER WAS.

Men saw that wherever they went, the waves had been there before, and so they must have been a great deal. They did not know that where the mountains raised their granite crags the waves at one time had broken into white caps of joy, and that where the waves were the crags had reared their foreheads to the dawn. The Hindus have a story of the flood just as good as ours and just as true. A saint once upon a time had gone down to the Ganges to perform his ablutions, and a little fish told him there was going to be a flood, and advised him to get an ark, and take in seven men and the animals and be saved. This saint, having perfect confidence in the fish, built his ark. Back came the little fish, and by that time he was a whale and the man set sail and tied a rope to the horns of the whale and it towed him to the highest mountain and he was saved. Now that must be a true story, for we know the man's name. I have another evidence of the truth of that story—I know the name of the fish.

The ignorance of our poor ancestors was responsible for sun worship. Light was life and love. The sun was the freestone of the world. Darkness was grief and death, and in the shadows crawled the serpents of despair and fear.

Sun worship was the parent of all religions, and every religion bears within it souvenirs of this origin. What could be more natural than that the savage, creeping from his den and pushing his matted hair from his eyes, should worship the sun? As civilized man he asked himself, why am I here, where did I come from, and where go I; why do the flowers bloom and the rivers run? He asked and he answered as best he could. He reasoned from analogy, and he said there was a spirit in each, in flower and tree, in stream and in the air, in wind and petal. Fetichism was the best he could do then. Then he became a poet and clothed the spirit with flesh and gave them human passions. The dawn became a maiden, the sun was a warrior and lover; the winter was a wolf, the wind a musician; the autumn a beautiful woman gathering flowers.

The sun was the freestone of the world, and in the darknesses crawled the serpents of despair. And men gave a name to this god of the sky. Apollo was a sun god; the Hindu sungod was generous and entered but and palace alike; the Scandinavian sungod was in love with the dawn and deserted the maiden with whom he was before in love; but they met at night, and the dew was their reconciling tears. Jonah was a sungod; Thor was a sungod; Samson was a sungod. The word Samson means "bright," and Delilah means "shadow." His locks of hair are the rays that protect him from him, and when he entered the winter season he was shorn of his locks and became weak. The Hebrews learned the story from other people, and added some insolence of their own. And many good people think they must believe this nonsense, to gain eternal joy. In our youth we were taught there was a man with muscles in his hair. Nothing could be more absurd. If that were true, I wouldn't be able to stand up. Samson was a sungod—yes, Christ, our Christ, he was a sungod too.

We are told that Elijah was fed by ravens, who kept a restaurant in that country, but the word used for ravens means Arabs; for the Arabs were like the birds. Christ was a sungod, a myth, old in the mantle of myth. The same things happen to all these sungods. Every one of them had a god for a father, and a virgin for a mother—every one of them. Every one was born in a lovely place, in a lovely inn, in a cave, under a tree, or in a manger, and tyrants sought to kill every one of them when they were born. Every one of these sungods was born on the 25th of December—all born on Christmas—every one. Every one fasted forty days; every one had a violent death; it rained before the flood forty days; Moses was on Mount Sinai talking to God about candlesticks and snuffers forty days;

the temple had forty pillars; the Jews wandered in the wilderness forty years. These things are not accidents or coincidences. These things might happen to three—not to four—infinity impossible to forty. All the sungods are one.

The other day I heard a man pray. I noticed he shut his eyes. Why? He was praying to the invisible anyhow; there was no danger of his seeing anything; why did he shut his eyes? I said to myself it was but a souvenir of sun worship. In the early days, when they looked at the sun they had to shut their eyes. They think when they swallow a wafer in the communion season they eat God—actually devour God; when they drink wine they drink God's blood, so if any wafer is left over they put them in a safe place, as Voltaire said, to "keep the rats from eating God."

Facts are the most wonderful things in this world—facts. Take the Hebrews; smart people; no smarter, and since Jehovah deserted them they have had the best luck of any people on earth. Jehovah covered the land with darkness so thick that it could be felt. The Catholic church used to have a production of that darkness. Holy water flowed from the theophoric and Hezekiel; that myth was far older than Christianity, and as senseless and absurd as it is old. The cross is the symbol of the god Agni; it was used to designate a man's grave. Ancient people of Italy, who lived long before the Romans, long before the Etruscans—so long that not one word of their language is known—they used the cross, and beneath that emblem their dead still rest.

Now comes another of Ingersoll's matchless flights. It is about the natural production of myths, and is: "The rise and set of sun—the birth and death of day—the dawns of silver and the dusks of gold—the wonders of the rain and snow—the shroud of winter and the many colored robes of spring—the lonely moon, with nightly loss or gain—the serpent lightning and the thunder's voice—the tempest's fury and the zephyr's sigh—the threat of storm and promise of the bow-cathedral clouds, with dome and spire—earthquake and strange eclipse—frost and fire—the snow-crowned mountains with their longues of snow—the fields of space sown thick with stars—the wandering comets hurrying past the fixed and sleeping sentinels of the night—the marvels of the earth and air—the perfumed flower—the painted, wing—the waveless pool that held within its magic breast the image of the startled face—the mimic echo that made a record in the viewless air—the pathless forests and the boundless seas—the ebb and flow of tides—the slow, deep breathing of some vague and monstrous life—the miracle of birth—the mystery of dream and waking—the hope of resurrection—the measurable done—these were the way of wood, and at the loom sat love and fancy, hope and fear, and wove the wondrous tapestries wherein we find pictures of gods and fairy lands, and all the legends that were told when nature rocked the cradle of the infant world.



"MIRACULOUS OCCURRENCES ARE ALWAYS IN THE REMOTE PAST OR THE DISTANT FUTURE."

"If I say to a man: 'The dead were raised two thousand years ago.' 'Yes,' he replies, 'I know that. All the dead will be raised ten thousand years from now,' he says. 'Probably they will.' But if I tell him I saw a dead man raised to-day, he will ask me: 'From what asylum have you escaped?'"

"Gentlemen, whenever there stands on this earth the master of death, he will not have an enemy in this world. Whenever there stands on this earth the master of nature, he will become the master of man. If God raised people from the dead, why doesn't he go to Riverside and touch the grave that shelters Grant, and let him stand out before his followers in war and peace? Why doesn't God go to Springfield, and touch that sepulcher, and let Lincoln stand forth? We know better, and we ought to have courage to say so. Why does not Christ appear, and give evidence of his existence, and settle this dispute?"

day—the spendthrift roses give their perfume to the air—the climbing vines would hide with leaf and flower the fallen and the dead—the changing seasons would come and go—storms would wreck and whispering rains repair—time would weave her robes of green; life, with countless lips, would seek fair summer's swelling breasts; autumn would reap the wealth of leaf and fruit and seed; winter, the artist, would etch in frost the pines and ferns—while wind and wave and fire—old architects—with ceaseless toil would still destroy and build, still wreck and change, and from the dust of death produce again the breath and throbs of life.

A few years ago men began to find facts. The stars became witnesses for science. The searchers for truth found the myth-makers were mistaken. The New Jerusalem could not be found with a telescope. The geologist arose. He found the history of the world written by wave and flame on rocks, attested by fossils, sworn to by mountain ranges. The inventor came, performing the miracles of steam, of electricity, of Watt, Galvani, and Volta, and then discovered, Heschel, Humboldt and Laycock, the philosopher Darwin and Haeckel.

"The world began to think—the myths began to fade—the miracles grew mean and small. Science denies the existence of the supernatural. In chemistry, just so many atoms of one kind unite with just so many of another—no more, no less. Always the same. No caprices in chemistry. In astronomy, the planets pursue their paths. The forces are ever constant. Light is forever the same—obeying the angle of incidence—traveling with the same rapidity—casting the same shadows under the same circumstances in all worlds. The eclipses coming at the time foretold, neither hastening nor delaying. The attraction of gravitation always the same—forever constant—never interfered with—absolute. The atomic integrity of metals the same, and each metal true to itself—the atoms of iron cling to each other with the same tenacity. On every hand the eternal persistence of force, forever active and forever the same. Every art, every employment—all study, all experiment—the same old experiences, judgments, and emotions. Hope of resurrection, belief in the uniformity of nature, in the eternal persistence of force. Break one link in the infinite chain of cause and effect—and God appears, a broken link his throne.

The uniformity of nature assassinates the supernatural—there is no office left for gods. Ghosts fade from the shadowy corners of the brain. The thrived deities fall palmed from their thrones. Prayer becomes a pantomime; ceremonies mere notions, mindless and motionless hope of resurrection, so-called, becomes a part of natural history. Science will finally classify the various kinds—they will be preserved in museums as mental monsters. Science teaches no creation—no destruction. Both unthinkable. An infinite personality is an infinite impossibility. Substance—that which is above—above cause and above effect. Energy is eternal. A view of death the last we know. The curtain rises on another thought.

Science is the worker of the true miracles of our world. Science knows the circuits of the wind. Fire is his servant and lightning is his messenger. Science freed the slaves and civilized the masters. Science taught man to enchain—not his fellowman—but the forces of nature—forces that have no backs to be scared, no limbs for chains to chill and eat—forces that have no hearts to break—forces that never know fatigue—forces that shed no tears. Science is the great physician. His touch hath given sight. He hath made the lame to leap, the dumb to speak, and in the palsied face his hand hath set the rose of health. Science is the destroyer of pains—the perpetual providence of man—builder of happy homes—preserver of love and life. Science has given his beloved sleep, and wrapped in happy dreams the throbbing nerves of pain. Science is the teacher of every virtue, the enemy of every vice. Science has given the true basis of morals; the origin and office of conscience—has revealed the nature of obligation and has taught that justice is the highest form of love. Science has slain the monster of superstition. Science has read the record of the rocks—records that even priestcraft cannot change—and in wondrous scales has weighed the atom and the star. Science has founded the only true religion. Science is the very Christ, the only savior of this world.

The words came like jewels still. He told of the failure of theology and its god. Mothers sacrificed their babes—God silent. Millions and millions destroyed each other—God silent. Martyrs slain for the cause of God—God silent. The wars of extermination—the banner of the cross dripping with blood, floating over a thousand fields—God silent. Pestilence—no help. Famine—no help. Centuries of slavery—no protest. Has any blow been saved, has any storm been stopped, has any pestilence been stayed because of prayer? What is the origin of what is called religion? I hold that from the den of the savage to the palace of civilization man has trod the path he must. All religions have been the work of man, and every one of them says, 'he that hath ears to hear let him hear.' Not one ever said, 'he that hath a mind to think, let him think.'

"How shall we civilize mankind?" asked Ingersoll. "Develop the brain, cultivate the imagination, teach men to think, teach literature and art—we want poets, painters, sculptors and dramatists, novelists, composers, thinkers.

The earliest New England coin was soon so badly chipped and mutilated that a new issue was struck, bearing the name Massachusetts on the obverse and the reverse.

We don't want popes and cardinals and priests; they are no earthly use. The church taught that the god were dead—that the great weavers in some other world—that beauty was in the sky beyond the clouds. At last the poet found his poetry here—poetry became human—loved the winged monsters—came to the human hearts. There is a poem, Shelly's 'Skylark,' and another, Robert Burns' 'Address to the Daisy,' and between that skylark and that daisy is all the poetry of the world.

"The old creeds are becoming cruel and vulgar, because we have imagination enough to put ourselves in the place of others. Believers in the old—like murderers—lack imagination. The murderer has no imagination enough to see his victim dead. He does not see the pallid face, the sightless and pathetic eyes. He does not see the widow's arms about the corpse—her lips upon the dead. He does not hear the sobs of children. He does not see the funeral. He does not hear the clods as they fall on the coffin. He does not feel the hand of arrest. The scene of the trial is not before him. He does not hear the awful verdict—the sentence of the court—the last words. He does not see the scaffold nor feel about his throat the deadly noose.

Let us teach man that honor is not aims. That it is to be earned. Teach our children that happiness is not a gift—teach them that there is no way of avoiding the consequences of their own actions in this world or another. Stop supporting the useless, take the burdens of superstition from the shoulders of industry. Take theology out of religion. Theology is superstition—superstition is religion. Don't pay men for guessing—let every American do his guessing at his own expense—let us teach only what we know—immortality is not a virtue and moral courage is not a vice. Stop rewarding hypocrisy, stupidity and bigotry—stop persecuting the noblest. Get theology out of morality—things are not good or bad because some god said so. They are good because they are right and bad because they are not. If you hire a doctor, don't ask whether he is a Catholic, a Hebrew, a Presbyterian or a Methodist. Ask the question, 'Is he a doctor?' Theology makes enemies; science makes friends. Theology is selfish, cruel, hateful, revengeful, malicious. Heaven is for the few—hell for the most of us."

Ingersoll's illustration of the narrow way was most amusing. He pressed his arms to his sides, and edged his way across the stage, as he said this: "Theology believes in the narrow way, along which the selfish go, with pious snarl, in single file—not wide enough for husband and wife to walk side by side, while happy children clasp their hands—the narrow way over the desert of superstition, without a palm, without the gurgle of a spring, the laughter of a brook over the deserts covered with flints and broken glass, thistles and thorns. If you see a flower, do not seek to touch it—it is a temptation—only the appearance of a flower—under it is a real serpent, coiled, ready to strike. Do not look back. Let the ones you love look out for themselves. Keep your eyes on the New Jerusalem. Furrow your cheeks with perpetual tears. Beware of joy. Limp on, and save at last your withered, worthless soul."

"Science gives us the broad way—broad enough for us all to go together—the broad way, where the birds sing, where the sun shines, where the streams murmur—the broad way; through the fields where the flowers grow—over the daisied slopes where sunlight lingers, seems to sleep and dream. Let us go the broad way with science, with art, with music, with husband, with wife, with children, and with all there is of happiness and love between the dawn and dusk of human life. I want to get all the juice out of the orange called life, so when death comes I can say, 'there lies the peeling.'

"Theology makes God a tyrant, man a slave—credulity a virtue, thought a crime. Everything is demanded—obedience, faith, meekness, well-done-good-and-faithful-servant. Everything promised except liberty. Hope of science is the perfection of the human race.

"I want liberty. Without that word liberty all other words in all languages would be meaningless sounds. Oh, liberty, thou art the only god that hatheth benighted knees. In the vast and unvalued temple—beneath thy roofless dome, stargazing and luminous with suns, thy worshippers stand erect! They do not cringe or crawl, or bend their foreheads to the earth. The dust has never borne the impress of their lips. Upon thy altars mothers do not sacrifice their babes, nor men their rights. Thou art taught from man except the things that good men hate—the whip, the chain, the dungeon-key. Thou hast no popes, no priests, who stand between their fellowmen and thee. Thou carest not for forms, or mumbled prayers. At thy sacred shrine hypocrisy does not bow—fear does not crouch—superstition's feeble tapers do not burn—reason holds aloft her inextinguishable torch—while on the ever-broadening brow of science falls the ever-growing morning of the ever-better day."

Ingersoll bowed and walked away, but it was a moment before the spellbound people realized that he had reached the end.

The earliest New England coin was soon so badly chipped and mutilated that a new issue was struck, bearing the name Massachusetts on the obverse and the reverse.

A JUBILEE.

For Spiritualists, Sunday, December 17, 1893.

The Board of Trustees of the National Spiritualists' Association, at their first official meeting on November 1st, successfully carried into effect the organization so auspiciously began in Chicago in September. As their first official act the members of the Board appointed Sunday, December 17, 1893, as a day for a "National Spiritual Jubilee," to commemorate the inauguration of the united efforts of the Spiritualists of the United States.

It is their desire by the exercises of that day to awaken a deep and profound interest in the minds of all Spiritualists in the welfare of the National Association, and at the same time to provide for the first donation to its treasury. To that end the Board suggests the following programme for that day, to be observed by each and every society in the United States:

FORENOON.

10:30 A. M.—Song service.
11:00.—An address of five minutes by the oldest Spiritualist in the society.
11:05.—Response of five minutes by one of the children of the society.
11:10.—An address of ten minutes by the president or some other officer of the society on the publication of the proceedings of the recent National Convention of Spiritualists in Chicago. This address should be followed by an earnest appeal for pledges by subscriptions or cash for this important work, emphasizing the fact that no copy is to cost more than 25 cents, and that only a limited number will be printed.
11:30.—Exercises by the children, consisting of songs, recitations, readings, etc.

12:30 P. M.—An appeal for subscriptions or cash donations for the benefit of the National Association; also for books pamphlets or magazines of interest for the National Spiritualist Library.

1:00.—Dinner or lunch, to be followed by toasts and responses.
1:30.—The National Association. The responses to this toast should not be over ten minutes in length, and should be written or prepared with much care, as they are to be sent to the National Association for use and suggestion, with the privilege of publication, wholly or in part, in the forthcoming book on the exercises of that day.
1:45.—TOAST No. 2.—"The Progress of Spiritualism."

TOAST No. 3.—"Our Old Workers." TOAST No. 4.—"The Rochester Knockings." TOAST No. 5.—"Children of Spiritualists in Spiritualism." TOAST No. 6.—"The Future of Spiritualism."

EVENING SESSION.

7:30.—Vesper service. Songs, brief addresses, readings, etc.
9:00.—Renewal of appeals for subscriptions and donations to the treasurer of the National Association.

The secretary will keep a connected programme of the exercises of his or her society, together with a list of names of those contributing to the National Fund, both of which shall be forwarded to the national secretary in Washington, for publication in a book that will be issued by the National Association, containing an account of the exercises of the day throughout the United States.

In cities, towns and villages where there are a few families of Spiritualists, but no society, these friends are urged to assemble at the residence of one of their number, and to carry out the above programme so far as they may be able to do so. "Thoughts are Things," and if all Spiritualists in America will on that day unite in sending to the National Association their kindest and best thoughts, a mighty power for good will be engendered, which will do much to advance the interests of Spiritualism in all directions.

The name "National Spiritual Jubilee" was given by "Quina," the control of Mrs. Richmond, and presents the poem for the children's responses to their first address on this day. It is hoped to have a uniform order of exercises on this occasion, and to that end the children's address given by "Quina" will be the same throughout the country. The proceedings of the late National Convention will also contain Mrs. Richmond's excellent paper on Spiritualism which she presented to the "World's Parliament of Religions," and no Spiritualist can afford to miss such an opportunity as this to obtain the address at so small a cost. The published account of the "Parliament of Religions" will fill several large volumes, while the article of greatest interest to all of the friends of Spiritualism, with other very valuable matter, can be obtained for the small sum of 25 cents by purchasing this book: "The Proceedings of the National Spiritual Convention," which it is estimated will comprise not less than 180 pages.

All Spiritualists and all societies are most earnestly requested by the officers and trustees of the National Association to have this programme carried out to the best of their ability.
H. D. BARRITT, President.
CORA L. V. RICHMOND, Vice-president.
ROBERT A. DIMMICK, Secretary.
THOMAS J. MAYOR, Treasurer.
MRS. C. EDWARDS.
JOHN B. TOWNSEND.
ELIZABETH SLOPER.
MARION H. SKIDMORE.
GEORGE F. COLBY, Trustees.



WHO PERSECUTE THE HONORED MEDIUMS OF
TO-DAY, MUNG THE SO-CALLED SALEM WITCHES.

BY W. P. PHELON, M.D. AUTHOR OF
"FUTURE RULERS OF AMERICA" "HERMETIC TEACHINGS" "THREE SEVENS," ETC. 1892

CHAPTER XIV.

In a few days came a note from Mrs. Clenham, repeating her invitation, and fixing the time for the last of August. As there was nothing to prevent, and her parents had no objection, only a little feeling of loss in having her away from home, Elsie accepted the invitation, and on the appointed day took the cars for R—, Mrs. Clenham's residence, where the delightful situation of the house and grounds, located within sight of the ever-moving lake, brought to Elsie a new sensation which was very enjoyable indeed.

Young Mr. Clenham was very attentive. There were long carriage-drives, and moonlight sails in a trim little yacht, and readings and talks of mornings in the library of the mansion. It was a new experience, but one which she received easily, and without confusion, for great souls are not easily discomposed by the accidents of the outer life, but assimilate readily their allotted quota, without regard to the remainder.

In this instance the course of true love for once seemed about to run smoothly. A few days before her visit was to terminate the three were sitting in the library. They had been talking of the prehistoric conditions of that part of the country, and wondering what its future would be. The full moon shone in, sending a brilliant flood of light through the library windows.

As it happened the three were sitting in a triangle, through the base of which came the moonlight, striking the floor about the center of the figure, Elsie's position being at the apex, the son to the right and the mother to the left. Through the window could be seen the expanse of the great lake, whose surface, kissed by the dancing evening zephyr, broke up into thousands of facets, each reflecting the light of the queen of night. It was a perfect night. Elsie had said, with a great deal of earnestness:

"Why do the dead hold back from us their knowledge, when it might be of service to us?"

To this sentiment assent had been made by the others, when from above them, in far-off intonation, but clear and distinct, came the words:

"Because the living refuse to hear that which is offered to them."

Startled a little, but not surprised, because like all advanced minds Mrs. C. and her son were both familiar with the slowly unfolding forms of communications with the unseen, they waited in respectful silence to hear or see the outcome. Suddenly their attention was attracted by a luminous spot upon the floor where the moonlight struck it. It did not seem to be brighter than the rest of the light, but simply to have more substance to it. Quickly this grew, and expanded as a whirling column of the height and figure of a tall and well-formed man. Then the motion stopped, and a messenger from the invisible stood in their presence.

Elsie, reclining in her easy chair, did not seem conscious of her surroundings.

The hostess, with her usual grave kindness, said:

"Who are you, and why have you come to see us?"

"I am one of the temple-dwellers of the long centuries ago. I come partly for your instruction and partly for my own pleasure. Hold thyself without fear in the critical moment, and mayhap something may come to thee and thine of advantage."

"You are most truly welcome," was Mrs. C.'s reply, for she was a woman of a peculiarly fearless nature. She often said: "I do not know what the word fear means."

"Say on, sir, we are attentive to your message, and will surely heed your instruction."

"The great city that stands on the edge of the waters was preceded by one mightier and larger than the inhabitants of the present city have ever dreamed of. To the north along the sea dwelt many men mighty in wisdom, who knew how to use unseen elemental forces for their own will and pleasure. When their selfish desires at last brought disaster upon them, they left the elements chained to the spot. Among them was a tribe of powerful fire spirits. These have once broken loose from their prison, and many at that time escaped for good, and the whole world knows of the damage they inflicted. The remainder are likely to escape from their bondage at any time, not only in the city of Dan, but in Beer-sheba, or any point in the whole country between. This city, in which so many elements have been chained and harnessed in iron and steel and brass, so long as their harness shall repress and hold the dread energy of the mighty ones, will prosper, but their keepers must be careful and vigilant, or in an unguarded moment the fierce, the merciless, will be in control."

"Now as to thy own immediate concerns: If the young man, thy son, shall desire to follow the physical law of thy social order and take the woman to wife it is well, for they were dear friends of the old times. The ancient ties will not be broken whatever happens in the outer. But he must not expect service from her as runs your law, nor undivided at-

ention. If he desires, let him plight his faith before she leaves this dwelling, to be soon followed by consummation. Then let the marriage journey be toward the southwest, where something of importance awaits them, as one or she alone. Obey the law, and peace be thine."

So saying he seemed to become absorbed in the moonlight still brilliantly shining in the room.

The group moved not for several minutes, then Elsie gave a little shudder and gasp, with a half-suppressed exclamation:

"Why, Mrs. Clenham, have I been asleep? But I had a beautiful dream. I thought I was standing right out there," and she pointed to the spot where the figure had stood, "but I had on somebody's dress that did not quite fit me. I saw such a great furnace of fire, and it seemed so hot. Then it seemed as if I was down among great stretches of cactus, and green groves where oranges and figs and all kinds of tropical fruits grew wild, and there were large buildings, some of them cut out of solid stone, and I could see into the mountains, and everything inside of them was as plain as if it was on the outside. I could see, also, the big veins of gold and silver and other metals. It sounded to me as if somebody said: 'These are yours for use, under direction. Will you accept the trust?' But before I could answer, everything seemed to fade."

"Well, that is as astonishing as the rest of it," and Mrs. Clenham told Elsie what she and Arthur had seen.

"What is your idea, Mrs. Clenham, of the method in which materializations occur, and why should I go to sleep? If any of those mysterious things happen, I generally do, and lose them all."

"So far as I have had a chance to investigate the subject, I believe all writers of both the far East and the West concur in the statement that the astral body of the sensitive is projected as plastic substance, and the strong thought or desire of those present, either visible or invisible, forms itself thereon, as the light forms itself into a picture on the sensitive photograph plate. The sitters thus may each get back a response for themselves in accordance with their own wishes, no two having seen the same form any more than they can see the same rainbow, a thing by the law of optics utterly impossible. In other cases the astral body personates nobody but itself, and being in touch with the flow of universal thought currents, and in possession for the time being of all the knowledge acquired during many lives, can recall the past and predict the future. But it is a question concerning the most subtle, delicate and elusive element in nature, belonging to the invisible and spiritual, of which our five senses have no certain knowledge. What little comes to us by way of perception is the result of the already slowly developing sixth sense, that must belong to the Sixth Race, which are slowly dropping in among us in the recognized sensitivities of the present day. These scattered personalities are the advance couriers of the mighty army who will soon possess the earth."

Here she stopped, saying: "Well, I have made quite a preachment. This may not be correct, but it seems fairly reasonable to me, and has the support of a good many strong thinkers."

"I am much obliged," said Elsie. "I feel a great many things to be true that I cannot explain, and I believe you are right."

The evening before Elsie went home, she and Arthur went out on the lake alone, and there, under auspicious surroundings, and because the stars willed it, they pledged their mutual troth after the manner of friends who seek a lifelong comradeship, without any of the effervescence which, coming solely from the physical, born in a moment, dying within an hour, so often leaves the heart's best affections stranded for the whole of the succeeding life on the earth-planes. They were both of age; they understood the true mating to be of the soul, and that sex was entirely a property of the physical, was a differentiation, a mark set on Cain, the Fifth Race, that it should not perish from the earth. All this they accepted as an inevitable legacy, and not as the beginning and end of married life. It is this last view which makes it man's error and woman's dishonor.

Their compact was, however, conditioned and subject to ratification by the co-ordinate powers of both houses.

CHAPTER XV.

No objection to the union was offered by Mrs. Clenham, neither did Elsie's father or mother, later on, offer any strenuous objection. While they felt that their daughter had no need in the usual meaning to marry, they looked upon marriage as honorable, and this view was reinforced by their own happy experience, and they were satisfied in her choice.

There being no impediment to the union, it was settled that the union should take place on October 5, 1876, Elsie's twenty-first birthday.

That which was needed to be done was

done quietly and unostentatiously. The wedding took place at the Holmes' homestead. The young people, instead of simply saying "yes" to the questions of the officiating clergyman, each pledged themselves distinctly to the other for all the duties and incidents of the life that might come to them while they should walk together in this incarnation. Having due respect for the law that is the foundation of all harmony, the necessary legal formalities were then completed, and the proper authority pronounced them man and wife. Bound thus by an oath that cannot be escaped from except as its conditions are fulfilled, they went forth on their wedding-trip.

Influenced by the word of their celestial visitor, they were to spend the winter in Mexico, and thither lay their journey. They made the City of Mexico their headquarters. From this point they made excursions to various places in that marvelous country as their fancy dictated. They had secured for their guide and traveling companion an intelligent gentleman, a creole, who, naturally keen and quick-witted, had been so much interested in the history of his native land that he had become almost perfectly acquainted with all the local traditions, and at the same time he possessed that sympathy for occult subjects which shows the underlying kinship.

One day Mr. and Mrs. Clenham had been talking of the rumors always rife in Mexico—of the great city unapproachable, but sometimes visible among the mountains of the southwest.

"I wonder," said Elsie, "if we could make that section of the country a visit? Perhaps we could get a dissolving view of it, anyway."

"Well, let us talk with Jose about it," rejoined Arthur; "it is certainly worth the while to make the effort; and who knows, Elsie, what may come of it?"

So when their courier next came for instructions they asked him about the mysterious city, and if he had ever heard of it.

"Si, señor," shrugging his shoulders; "many a man has seen that city, and started on his way to find it. Almost all have lost themselves, and after many days have been glad to give up the search, and some, señors," here his voice fell almost to a whisper, "have never been heard of afterward."

"Do you know the way toward where it is supposed to be?" asked Elsie.

"Si, señors; it lies many days' journey to the southwest among the mountains."

"Will you make the necessary preparations and guide us toward it as far as we can go?" asked Elsie.

"If the señors really mean it, certainly; a Spaniard can go wherever a lady might desire to go. I will attend you."

And so, in a manner, was lightly settled the onward movement of an event which all Elsie's strange experiences was to be the strangest and most inexplicable.

Amongst all the native tribes of southwestern Mexico is rife a legend of a magnificent city among the mountains, to which strangers are not allowed to find access. Some of the most daring of the natives, as well as a few of the hardy scouts who find the West and the Southwest such genial soil for their work and adventures, have climbed high upon the mountain peaks, and from thence have viewed the glories and beauties of a city lying upon a wide spreading plateau or table land, with an immense rock-temple on one side, a vast lake in the center, and innumerable buildings of stone, all shut in and rendered perfectly inaccessible by an immense wall of lofty mountain peaks. The people who dwell there have no particular knowledge of the world we know, nor desire to mingle with it. Those who from the outer seek admittance are baffled and misled in their effort to gain access.

When one of the natives of this city seeks to investigate the other parts of the world, if overcome by his eager curiosity, he is first warned what the consequence will be. If still insisting, he is allowed to go forth and pronounce upon himself a sentence of banishment during the remaining period of his earthly life, under pledge of secrecy as to his native city, returning only when the body should be laid aside. The people who dwell here have attained marvelous knowledge of the spirit forces and their uses on the plane of matter. Governed by the fixed laws of nature, they are quietly waiting for the time when they will be forced to take part in the restoration of the waste places of the earth, and their rebuilding and their uplifting to that condition of harmony and peace designed by the Infinite thought.

It was towards this city Elsie was now called in the invisible, and impelled by the action of forces she had herself set in motion many thousands of years ago. But let us not anticipate.

Their preparations were fully made, the party consisting of three young men, with Elsie and her husband, and a half-dozen attendants set out. Whatever the courier had deemed necessary to provide for the excursion he had been supplied carte blanche for.

They were to go on horseback, by easy stages, while their belongings were carried on burros, the serviceable little donkeys of that country.

Without particular arrangement, the first start was made so that at the first camp the new moon hung low over the setting sun.

Their course lay south of west toward the mountains and mountainous country bordering on the Gulf of Tehuantepec. Their daily routine was: Travel from sunrise to the noon hour, then a two hours' siesta; after that, in the lengthening shadows, they traveled on until about an hour of sunset, when they would camp for the night.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A duke during the Middle Ages was an independent sovereign. The first rulers of Austria were dukes. The title lost its idea of independence during the reign of Louis XIII. of France.

HENRY FOX-JENCKEN.

The Fox Sisters—Their Burial.

Passed to Spirit-life, Henry Fox-Jencken, youngest son of Kate Fox-Jencken, aged eighteen years, on October 30, 1893, at the house of Mrs. St. George, 231 Twentieth street, Brooklyn, N. Y.; cause, consumption, from a cold contracted while attending the funeral of his aunt, Margaret Fox-Kane, and afterwards, while conductor on a horse-car, he took another severe cold, and went to the Orange Mountains for his health, but failed rapidly, and being homesick to be with his brother Fred, was brought to the boarding-house of Mrs. St. George, an entire stranger to these motherless boys, six weeks ago, but she has proved a friend in need, as she has most faithfully and lovingly performed the task of ministering to all the necessities, both physical and spiritual, according to her religious faith and motherly instincts, as she is a Catholic and had her priest to visit him, and buried him in her plot in the Catholic cemetery of Mt. Calvary. No services were held over his remains, only the Catholic ritual for the dead was chanted in Latin at the cemetery chapel.

No Spiritualist visited him but the writer, and I alone attended the funeral and saw him deposited in the ground, in company with his brother Fred and Mrs. St. George. As Fred Jencken and myself took our last look upon the sweet face of this dear, affectionate and patient son of "Katie Fox," Fred said: "When I kissed him for the last time, I said: 'Good by, Henry; tell mother I am asking for her.' Henry answered: 'Yes, I will.'"

A shower of responsive raps came on the casket, for Fred is a good medium, and has the same muffled raps peculiar to his mother and aunt, M. Fox-Kane; I have visited them almost daily the past weeks, and found that Fred never failed to get the raps whenever he asked for them. Such gifts ought to be developed and utilized. It is to be hoped that when the Spiritualists are made aware of these facts they will befriend and encourage this motherless boy without friends or relatives in the wide world. Good mediums are not so plenty that we can afford to let any conceal or hide their gifts. But when we have assisted them to develop, let us stand by them in "good or evil report," and shield them as much as possible from unfavorable influences.

Mrs. R. S. Lillie said of these Fox sisters, that their usefulness in the cause of Spiritualism could not be overestimated! Said it is for me to state that their remains in No. 13 and No. 14 vaults, at Greenwood Cemetery, are awaiting burial, as the term has expired for them to longer be left in those vaults, and there are sixty-two dollars yet unpaid of the undertaker's bill for Mrs. M. Fox-Kane. The Woman's Progressive Union of Brooklyn have just been made aware of these facts, and are preparing to give a concert the last Saturday evening of November to defray these expenses. Brother Joseph Le Fumee, a good Spiritualist, has kindly offered one grave for these Fox sisters to be buried in, in his plot at Cypress Hills, Brooklyn, until such time as a suitable place can be found for their permanent burial. EMILY B. RUGGLES.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

More Neighbors Wanted.

TO THE EDITOR:—Since your paper has become such an interesting weekly visitor to our place, I wish you would allow us to tell your readers that we would like to start a colony of them down here, and to do so they must know what is in store here for them, and especially those having lung, throat and catarrh troubles, for which this climate is so helpful, as we have our dry season during the winter months.

We have good transportation and water, and a soil that will grow fine oranges and lemons. Four acres of our best land, properly cared for, will furnish a large family all the necessities and many of the luxuries. Fresh and salt-water fish in variety and abundance; oysters and clams to be obtained on the coast, seven miles distant.

We need but little land in this climate, where from three to five crops may be raised annually, and we may live close together, having the advantage of village life, with public schools, libraries, etc.

I can go turdling, and in five days return with enough choice meat, sausage and eggs to last the largest family one year. They weigh from 150 to 400 pounds, always tender and a healthy meat. We have milk, cream, bananas and honey the year round, and almost without labor.

And this is your chance: Some State select lands will soon be on the market at \$2 per acre (mostly pine land). They were selected as indemnity for lands granted railroads by the government and belonged to the State under the "Swamp Act," but are dry lands lying near a navigable tide-water stream.

Now, to make this information look more businesslike, and that we may know all "mean business," we will say: To all sending stamps and directed envelopes, and securing one new subscriber to this paper as a missionary work, I will give them all needed information. Address, I. M. DE PZEW, Manatee, South Florida.

P. S.—Why can we not make a very desirable camp down here? I will donate river-front grounds, a natural park of live and water oaks and sabal or cabbage palms, under which may be grown the most delicious pine-apples. Will also furnish free the use of a two-story building, 24x34 feet, till we can build better.

The Progressive Thinker.

Spiritualists, THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER leads, for leading minds send in their best thoughts, and they know by so doing they reach the largest number of readers. Send 25 cents to J. R. Francis, 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill., and try the paper for three months.



AN EYE-OPENER.

Catholics Forming Military Companies.

TO THE EDITOR:—Enclosed find a slip cut from the San Francisco daily Chronicle of this city. This article confirms all you have published on the subject of a military organization of the Catholics. Even the youth of the church are to be drilled into soldiers. The open manner in which this organization is spoken of and advocated is intended to throw outsiders off their guard.

It is, or should be, an "eye-opener" to all Protestants and Spiritualists of the coming storm. I hope you will publish it with suitable comment. R. B. HALL.

San Francisco, Cal.

The following is from the San Francisco Chronicle:

"The League of the Cross, the local temperance society of young Catholics, organized by Rev. Father Montgomery, is to have a new and interesting feature. Plans are now under way to introduce into it a military organization, and to make of the thousands of boys in the society young cadets. The proposition has met with general favor among the young fellows, and there is already on foot a rivalry among the different parishes as to which shall have the honor of forming and maintaining the first company."

"The idea is not by any means a new one. At different times the boys of several Catholic churches have formed themselves into military companies. The Boys' Brigade is now a military organization generally popular among the boys of many of the local Protestant churches, but the new organization will be larger than anything of its kind ever attempted before in the city."

"It is being organized, in the first place, to stimulate and hold the interest of the boys, and in the second, to keep constantly before their minds the thought of patriotism and their duty to the Stars and Stripes. The League of the Cross is an organization whose membership is constituted by boys of all sizes and ages. The proposition to make them cadets very naturally met with instant favor, but all of them cannot be members of the military companies."

"They become members of the league as soon as they receive confirmation. When that sacrament of the church is given to them they make a promise not to touch intoxicating drink, or to go near a place where it is sold. Some of the boys are confirmed when they are very young, so they will have to wait a while before they can wear anything like Uncle Sam's uniform."

"The matter has been discussed in detail, and it has been decided to restrict the membership in the cadets to boys who are 5 feet 4 inches or over in height. The little fellows will have to grow, or, as has been suggested, they may form junior companies."

"It is the intention to form a company in every parish, and when that is done quite a large regiment will be the result. The time for forming the companies has not been set, but there is already a rivalry among the various parishes. The boys who are members of the League of the Cross established at St. Mary's Cathedral want to have the dignity of being called the first company. They have some very decided notions about the rights of the cathedral boys in matters of form, and are ready to fight it out on that line. It is quite likely that they will be given precedence."

"When the companies are formed they will be conducted on the lines very similar to the Boys' Brigade. Each will be allowed to choose its own officers. All will be uniformed, and probably as infantry. There will be drills, of course, and some of the youngsters barred by want of size may get in as drummers."

"Rev. Father York is very much interested in the boys and their cadet company, and he will see to it that they have uniforms. They will also have an excellent drill-master, as Colonel William P. Sullivan, of the First Regiment, has agreed to show them all about military tactics."

"As the matter is still in its incipency, no arrangements have as yet been made for armories and their equipments. But in every church there is always a spare room somewhere, and a place for each company will be found."

"It is hoped that the proposed cadet companies will serve to increase interest in the League of the Cross. Since its inception it has grown very rapidly, until it now has a membership of several thousand boys. It is doing a splendid service, for it holds its members to temperate lives. Boys want some diversion, however, and the military feature is introduced with that object in view. As yet it is only in outline. Rev. Father Montgomery is heartily in favor of it, and all the plans are made out."

Helding, the novelist, married a maid-servant.

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A ROSEATE VIEW.

Are Mormons Spiritualists?

Are the Mormons Spiritualists? The reader may judge for himself. Their entire system is founded on what they call revelation. Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet, received his first revelation in answer to earnest desire offered in prayer. This was in the spring of 1820, which antedates the rise of modern Spiritualism by the Fox sisters. There was a religious revival at the time, and the boy Joseph became very uneasy. Serious reflections stirred his very soul. His great desire was to know which church to join. With this one thought burning in his breast, he retired into the woods to commune alone with his God. After praying for some time great fear fell upon him; then appeared a pillar of light, which gradually descended upon him. He says, in his biography: "When the light rested upon me, I saw two personages, whose brightness and glory defy all description, standing above me in the air. I asked the personages which of all the sects was right (at that time it had never entered my mind that all were wrong), and which I should join."

Joseph was told not to join any of the man-made systems of religion, as none of the ministers had received divine authority to officiate in any gospel ordinances.

Joseph related his vision to a Methodist preacher, who said it was all from the devil. The same charge is made to-day against the ten million Spiritualists in the United States.

The boy Joseph was ridiculed and persecuted from this time on; but he continued to receive his revelations or visions. The principal ones are published in a small work entitled "Doctrine and Covenants." I make a short extract from one of his early visions, as I think it will be appreciated by the many readers of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

"While I was thus in the act of calling upon God, I discovered a light appearing in the room, which increased until the room was lighter than at noonday, when a personage appeared at my bedside standing in the air, for his feet did not touch the floor. He had on a loose robe of most exquisite whiteness. It was a whiteness beyond anything earthly I had ever seen, nor do I believe that any earthly thing could be made to appear so exceedingly white and brilliant. His hands were naked, and his arms also a little above the wrists; so also were his feet a little above the ankles. His whole person was glorious beyond description, and his countenance was truly like lightning. He called me by name, and said unto me that he was a messenger sent from the presence of God, and that his name was Moroni; that God had a work for me to do, and that my name should be had for good and evil among all nations, kindreds and tongues. He said there was a book deposited, written upon gold plates, giving an account of the former inhabitants of this continent, and the source from whence they sprang. While he was conversing with me about the plates, the vision was opened to my mind that I could see where the plates were deposited, and that so clearly and distinctly that I knew the place again when I visited it.

"I saw the light in the room begin to gather around the person of him who had been speaking to me, and it continued to do so until the room was again left dark, except just around him, when instantly I saw, as it were, a conduit open right up into heaven, and he ascended till he disappeared."

This angel returned twice more the same night, and gave Joseph many instructions. On leaving the third time it was near day-break.

From the plates above referred to the Book of Mormon was translated and published. I have carefully read this book with much profit. I think no one can read it with a thoughtful, prayerful spirit without reaping a rich harvest from its perusal.

The organization of the Mormon Church was effected through instruction from the Spirit-world. Every important move they have made since has been dictated from the same source. I think that many of the Mormons would have been willing to suffer death rather than be compelled to give up polygamy; but since Willford Woodruff, the president of their church, issued the "Manifesto" against teaching or the practice of the same, in violation of the decision of the Supreme Court, I have heard no Mormon, in public or private, advocate its practice. The "Manifesto" came as the will of the Lord to the Mormon people, and they adopted it as a united people in their great tabernacle.

The Mormons are in possession of all the gifts, blessings and powers enjoyed by the Savior and his followers. I have seen among them many manifestations of divine power. Their system has attracted to itself over three hundred thousand, mostly from the working classes; but they believe in many scientific principles worthy the attention of advanced thinkers of modern times.

The work done in their temples is of a spiritual nature, and no Mormon is permitted to enter these sacred buildings to work for the living or the dead, if he is guilty of breaking the laws of the land or of immoral conduct, until repentance and restitution are made."

The Mormons believe that there are many deceptive or undeveloped spirits that would lead persons from the path of virtue and honor. They say: "Try the spirits, and prove them." They believe that the spirits of wicked or ignorant men could tell but little if they should return, but that by work and study in the Spirit-world they can advance to higher degrees of happiness and intelligence.

They do not teach the subject, reincarnation, as expounded in Theosophy, but they believe that man existed before the solar system was organized from the eternal elements, and that death opens the door to a life of work and enjoyment and eternal progression. They believe in "Free Agency," or that man acts

from choice in the life preceding and following mortal career.

I ask the friends of humanity not to judge the Mormon people by what they think they were forty years ago, or by what their enemies say of them to-day, but judge them by what they are doing and by what they are to-day.

W. H. APPERLEY.
Logan, Utah.

THE PEOPLE'S PALACE.

Something for Spiritualists to Consider.

Since the subject of removing the great Manufacturers' and Liberal Arts Building from Jackson Park to the lake front is now uppermost in the minds of the people of Chicago, let Spiritualists take due notice that they must now come forward and show of what kind of material they are made, and secure representation on the committees to be organized for the purpose of concerted action in behalf of and to ameliorate and ennoble the working classes.

The churches are becoming prominent in the new scheme, and Spiritualists must rally to the support of the proposed innovation, or else lose one of the grandest opportunities that has ever been offered to place themselves on record as charitable and humanitarian and progressive to the last degree. Now is the time to act, and if Spiritualists of Chicago not only, but of other cities and towns, will subscribe to a fund to be given the prime movers in the new scheme to further the establishing of a People's Palace, where the deserving poor may have every opportunity furnished them to become educated and skilled in some particular branch of work or art, and where the undeserving (?) may be fired with ambition to do likewise, we can then prove that we are worthy to own a hall or assembly-room in the great structure, and it will give an impetus to the Spiritual movement throughout the United States almost incredible.

The eyes of the whole world have been, and still are, fixed upon Chicago, and when others are coming forward to aid in the proposed good work, let Spiritualists be prominently represented. To be sure we, as a class, are poor; but I feel sure that in every heart glows the desire to spread the good news of the continuity of life, and I beg that each will give as much as their circumstances will warrant. Although limited in worldly goods, I hereby pledge myself to give the sum of five dollars, and when the proper person is appointed as treasurer of a committee of fifteen influential Spiritualists, I shall send in my subscription. We all know that the denizens of the Spirit-world connived and aided in making the "White City" a glorious reality; and the refining and ennobling influences hovering over the magnificent achievement of inspired men was felt by even the humblest visitor there, and the results have been grand, and will be far-reaching. Let Spiritualists combine throughout the whole United States, and secure the right to promulgate their ideas in the great People's Palace.

Religious instruction will be given there by men of various creeds; let us buckle on our armor, and with the lance of truth conquer the enemies of mankind—bigotry and superstition.

Awake to the necessity of the hour! Now is the time! If we lose this grand opportunity to serve the higher intelligences, who, through mortal instrumentality, are seeking to enlighten and ennoble mankind—if we do not do our share to help them flood the darkened lives with the pure radiance of truth, it will be the chance of a lifetime lost forever! Urge upon all lecturers and mediums the desirability of this movement in their ranks, and let each Spiritual lecturer in the United States secure a list of those who will subscribe to the "People's Palace Fund," placing the amount opposite each name (to be sent in when the committee and treasurer have been appointed), and let this be done at once.

From far England has come one man, the distinguished Mr. Stead, of the Review of Reviews, and he has started this movement, and given it a high ideal to attain. If each one will but do his (or her) share, this glorious project cannot fail of accomplishment.

F. M. S.

Marshalltown (Ia.) Spiritual Association.

To THE EDITOR:—I desire in the name of the exact truth to correct some errors made by someone in your paper last week under the above title. The only Spiritual society now existing here for public work is the "Marshalltown Spiritualists' Association." It is a brand new society, and not a union or fusion of any other societies. But as your correspondent of last week is not a member of the new society, he may have been misinformed. Let the truth prevail.

The Spiritual Temple is a new temple, and now dedicated to the purposes of the new society in its efforts for the cause of Spiritualism, and only upon a harmonious basis, discordant elements not being desired.

W. H. Bach and C. E. Winans assisted at the dedication, day and evening.

George H. Brooks, that grand exponent of the living truths of Spiritualism, began his labor for our society on November 5th.

Our services on Sundays are at 10:30 and 8, with a social entertainment on Wednesday evenings at 8.

We start a lyceum next Sunday at 3; with prospects of good success.

Brother Brooks needs no introduction to your readers. His labors in the past give every encouragement of the success of his work here, and certainly his lectures last Sunday, most eloquently delivered on questions received from the audience, ably sustained his reputation as a grandly developed medium, while his psychometric readings, readily recognized, gave proof of his mental gifts in that direction.

E. N. PROCKING, President
Marshalltown Spiritualists' Association.

A Critique.

To THE EDITOR:—The Rev. George A. Gordon, of Boston, in his new book, entitled "The Witness to Immortality" (a book with a high sounding title), might reasonably be expected to give us poor mortals a glimpse, at least, of what his "witness" has disclosed to him. But what do we get? His orthodox reviewer says that he merely "re-expounds the old ideas, leading to them the emphasis of vigorous words and a vigorous style." The critic can hardly see how he leaves the subject any better explained than it was to the mind of Job, when he asked: "If a man die shall he live again?" The reviewer thinks the Doctor's effort "labored, and commendable," and "that he fails to draw any strong and convincing conclusions is the fault of his subject. It evades all expression and is a hope, an influence, a faith." Only this and nothing more.

Here you have it, dear reader, a learned D. D. of Boston has undertaken to publish a book on "Immortality," and a friendly critic, as Daniel Webster would say, "damns his effort with faint praise." His witnesses don't "show up," so to speak, and, to use a homely phrase,

"He wires in and he wires out,
And leaves the Doctor still in doubt
Whether the ghost that made the track
Was going South or coming back."

But, seriously, if the learned Doctor had been diligent, and made investigations among his neighbors, he might have seen plenty of living, materialized witnesses, men and women, who would have given the Doctor the best evidences this world affords of the truth of immortality—that they were his kinsmen and women, who were able to return to earth and give him assurances of immortality.

When we hear pretentious clergymen, with titles, floundering in darkness and doubt on this all-absorbing question, we think of the beautiful drama of "Ion," where the hope of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clementhe asks if they should meet again? to which he responds:

"I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars, among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But, as I gaze upon thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mingles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clementhe!"

C. H. MATTHEWS.
New Philadelphia, Ohio.

Indianapolis, Ind.

The Indianapolis Association of Spiritualists elected for the coming year the following officers: B. F. Schmid, president; Mrs. George Bartholomew, vice-president; D. B. Hérbine, secretary; Thos. Barnett, treasurer; Miss Grace Mayhew, librarian; J. W. Cotton, J. Finnegan, Mrs. Belle Kirchmeier and Mrs. E. E. Barnitt completing the list. Most of the above officers have been elected continuously the past four years, which in itself speaks well for them as earnest and efficient workers.

The association, though passing through many trials the past years, has nevertheless established itself in our community as a permanent fixture, and due credit must be given the faithful workers. The speakers engaged by the society for this season's work are Mrs. A. M. Glading, Rev. Geo. V. Cordingy, Mrs. Carrie Twing, Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings, Mrs. Adah Sheehan and Mrs. Colby-Luther, all of whom rank high in their respective spheres of activity. September and October Mrs. A. M. Glading, so well and favorably known, has been with us, and to say we have been well served speaks but in mild manner of her ministrations. Her rare gifts, by and through which she reaches the heartstrings of humanity, instructing and enlightening them in our beautiful philosophy, can be spoken of in highest terms of praise. Her work has already borne a beautiful harvest of good, fully evidenced by the increased attendance the past month, even though hard times have caused many purerstrings to become puckered. Closing the two months' engagement, Mrs. Glading, with the assistance of the ladies and the hearty co-operation of all the members, arranged a musical and literary entertainment for Thursday evening, November 2. The programme, choice in quality, was successfully presented to an intelligent and most appreciative audience, that fairly taxed the hall's capacity. The Rev. Geo. V. Cordingy kindly assisted and gave some most perfect tests, giving full names and dates, most of which were recognized, and a wonderful interest was manifested by the large audience present.

May the good work go on; may truth and knowledge undo the machinations of priestly intolerance and superstition, and may the bright morning light of the dawning day see humanity more noble, more true, more charitable and self-sacrificing, and may all become united in fraternal bonds of universal love, our motto: "Our people, our country, our flag," are the earnest prayers of one who loves humanity.

JUSTICE.

Northwestern Camp-Meeting.

To the members of the above camp-meeting association I desire to say a few words. The most of you—I hope all—have received a circular giving a plan by which it is thought the North Star and Northwestern camps could unite. While I am in favor of uniting, I do not believe the proposition does justice to the N. W., which is a well-established and successful camp, with quite a large amount of property on hand, and numbers three or four times as many members as the North Star, who have no property of any account on hand. I believe there is a scheme to elect the officers of the North Star as the officers of the united societies. The most of their members are near by, and can attend the election in person, while the members of the N. W. society are scattered all over the Northwest, and thus hope with proxies sent in to elect their officers. I

give you this as my opinion from what I have seen and heard. Mr. Hoyt, our president, told me that he could not attend to the business of the office as it should be, and he did not want it. While I am not an officer of the association, nor will I be, I am still its father, having inaugurated its first meeting in 1890, and personally carried it to a successful termination, and, therefore, have its best interests at heart. I cannot see why the present officers should not hold until the annual election in July, which is all the constitution calls for, then both societies unite in electing those who are best fitted for the offices.

If any members desire to send me their proxies, I will vote them as I think for the best interest of the society. If you have sent any and wish to change your mind, say: "I annul first proxy, and desire Dr. Aspinwall to cast my vote." Send before November 23d.

Dr. S. N. ASPINWALL.

Rockland, Maine.

The First Spiritualist Society of this city commenced its regular meetings September 10, and during that month Mrs. M. J. Wentworth, of Knox, Maine, occupied the platform, giving general satisfaction. The poetic imagery and sympathetic manner in which Mrs. Wentworth presents the truths of Spiritualism to an audience wins the attention and approbation of her hearers.

During the month of October Mr. A. E. Tisdale, of New London, Connecticut, has been with us. Societies that have never yet heard this wonderful orator should make an effort to secure his services. Wonderful indeed are the brilliant, intellectual and scientific discourses that fall from his lips, and his soulful rendering of spiritualistic songs brings tears to the eyes of his hearers. As a mouthpiece for the angel-world he is equalled by few. Blind from his fourteenth year, with but two years in school, he has been moulded, educated and trained by spirit power. The most bigoted and prejudiced unbeliever, listening to the floods of eloquence that flow from his lips (often with a rapidity equal to that of Phillips Brooks), can but acknowledge a power entirely outside of and beyond the speaker.

Constantly increasing and attentive audiences greeted him while with us, and we have been fortunate enough to secure him for the months of January and March, 1894. From his ministrations we expect that our little society will receive an impetus that will equal an old-time revival in the church. To all progressive thinkers Mr. Tisdale's utterances appeal with a force that carries conviction of truth to unbelievers and rouses the enthusiasm of believers. Our enthusiasm has been so effectively aroused that we propose to carry on our regular meetings every week even when obliged to depend on home talent, for we are not yet rich enough to hire lecturers every Sunday.

Fraternally yours,
MATILDA CUSHING SMITH.

Romanism and Assassination.

Chicago and the world mourns. Its municipal head is struck down by the credentials bullet! Another assassin is now ready to be "shrived" "for his immortal soul," and the "Holy Catholic Church" stands ready to condone his crime, and give him a passport to glory, as they did the tools of the church who assassinated the immortal Lincoln.

The man in high position who will not cringe and "bow the suppliant knee" to the priestly conspirators must die by the hands of their assassins. Their opposition to secret societies is but a cloak to cover their own deep-laid plots, secret conclaves and dark and damning conspiracies.

The underground work of the terrible "Mafia" organization is but a pseudo-secular assassination-organization growing out of the underground work of the Catholic Church in Italy, and is not one thousandth part as much to be dreaded as the thoroughly organized secret and widely ramifying combinations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy, for while the former aims at the extermination of those who incur the enmity of the Mafia, the work of this organized church conspiracy aims, in the assumed name of "God's Vicegerent on Earth," to destroy all social, political or religious organizations which do not conform to their dogmas, kiss the toe of their "Infallible Pope," and acknowledge his "temporal sovereignty" over all governmental organizations.

While openly the "Holy Inquisition" is suspended, it is, nevertheless, in secret session, and doing its work through "ways that are dark, and tricks that are" destructive of all other orders of society. It is reaching out its octopus-arms to gather in and destroy all free governments and to crush out all freedom of opinion by colonizing all political centers with its votaries in sufficient numbers to have and hold the balance of power between all political parties, and only such as will do their bidding and place their minions in official positions can expect to win. In this way they are silently getting control of legislation and the government. Places of power are at their disposal. Their secret organization is educating "the faithful" to control, and the war upon our "free schools" is to retard and prevent a counter influence.

Unless our American people soon awake and stand up for the principles of freedom—free schools, free thought and personal liberty of conscience, and unite in opposition to all sectarian and class legislation, they will soon find that the last stone in the temple of liberty will be pulled down and used as a weapon in the hands of sectarian bigots to destroy the grand fabric of republican freedom.

Already the Catholics have their central university in the control of imported priests, at the nation's capital, and the "papal ablegate" settled there; and while Protestant bigots are clamoring to make this a Christian government, they are only working with the Romanists to undermine the corner-stone of liberty, and bring its grand structure down to ruins. The crisis is approaching, and the day of reckoning will soon come.

D. P. K.

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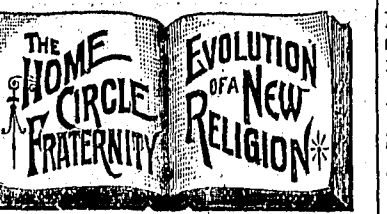
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Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" of the glorious work being done.

W. J. Colville is now lecturing at 8 South Ada street, on Wednesdays, Thursdays and Fridays, at 3 P. M., also on the South Side, 77 Thirty-first street, on successive Thursdays and Fridays, at 7:30 A. M. Admission, two lectures, 25 cents. He will only remain here this month; then returns to New York.

Frank T. Ripley will lecture at Ionia, Michigan, the Sundays of December 3, 10, 17 and 24, for the Spiritualist Society of that city. Week-day arrangements will be announced hereafter. Lectures to be held at the A. O. U. W. hall.

Mabel L. Aber, materializing medium, is located at Hotel Peerless, 324 West Madison street, Chicago. Seances every night at 8 o'clock. Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 2 P. M.

Dean Clarke, who is now engaged at San Bernardino, Cal., finds his audiences increasing, and his lectures seem to be highly appreciated. The daily papers gave an abstract of his lecture on October 29.

G. H. Brooks is lecturing during December for the new Spiritual Society in Marshalltown, Iowa. He will attend funerals, officiate at weddings, and lecture on week nights in any town within one hundred miles from Marshalltown. Address 201 South Third avenue.

"Life and Its Issues" was the subject treated by Mr. C. Turnbull on the rostrum of the new Progressive Thought Society of Toledo, Ohio, Sunday, November 5, was the first meeting of the new society, being an effort to amalgamate all the Spiritualists and progressive thinkers into one body, and the effort has been to a certain degree successful. The lecture was well attended, and an earnest appeal was made for harmony and co-operation. The subject was treated from a scientific standpoint entirely, and was very interesting. All are cordially welcomed. The meetings are held in the Annex Memorial building.

Clinton E. Smith writes of incidents at a materializing and slate-writing seance given by Mr. and Mrs. Fitch, at San Francisco, Cal. Several forms materialized, some spoke and shook hands with many in the circle. Two forms came at once. Questions written and placed between slates were all answered in different handwriting. Mr. Smith was invited into the cabinet, and while there a form materialized between himself and the medium, went out and spoke to some one in the circle, then returned and vanished instantly. This was repeated several times.

Maggie L. House, trance, inspirational and platform test medium, can be addressed at Lexington, Neb., where she has been holding meetings with good success and satisfaction to all.

Mr. Hull, of Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "Mr. Frank T. Ripley, the well-known lecturer and test medium, opened the campaign here at the hall of the Occult Science Society last Sunday. The hall was packed to the doors, scores standing, and many were turned away, unable to gain admission. The subject was 'Spiritualism.' The large audience was held spellbound by the speaker, who presented the living truths of his subject in a candid, straightforward manner which carried conviction with it. There was no flowery language, for none was needed; simple facts told in plain English, which all could understand. Mr. Ripley followed with tests, giving full names and details, all of which were recognized, thus proving the truths of the arguments advanced in his lecture. The Christians who believed that men died and were afterward sent alive and communicated with the living 1900 years ago, and who believe that the same phenomenon will occur again at some future time, are beginning to realize that it is fair to presume that they can come back and communicate with the dead. That it is true in the past and future, that it is true in the present as well. So they are investigating Spiritualism, thereby obeying Paul's injunction to 'Add to your faith knowledge.'"

G. F. Perkins writes from Tacoma, Wash.: "We have succeeded in organizing a fine society of thirty-five members in this city, called 'The Psychic Truth Seekers,' with John Olson as president. Sunday, October 20, we held our usual two meetings and were assisted by Mrs. McColl, a very capable worker, late of Cincinnati, and Judge Maguire of Portland. The new society is full of enthusiasm."

Mrs. F. A. Logan, of Alameda, Cal., thinks that at camp-meetings there should be ample opportunity for every inspirational medium to participate in the conferences, instead of one or two persons occupying all the time to the exclusion of the many. Spiritual workers should learn to keep well, and if taken sick, how to be cured without resorting to the M. D.'s for assistance. She feels impelled to resume her meetings at 909 1/2 Market street, San Francisco, where perfect liberty will be had to discuss the silent occult forces that are used to develop mediumship and restore the sick to health."

G. M. Patti writes that Emma E. Hamilton, of Topeka, Kan., recently gave three lectures in Ocala, Fla., to crowded houses. The lectures were grand and convincing, captivating the audience and leaving an impression favorable to Spiritualism. The Christian Church was secured for the second lecture, and

was filled with members of the church, and when the speaker stepped on the platform with the Bible in her hand (which she carried out doors) it was welcomed among the Christians: "Is that the Bible?" I thought. Spiritualists didn't believe the Bible." After reading the 12th chapter of 1st Corinthians, concerning spiritual gifts, etc., many remarked: "I did not know that was in the Bible." She gave over fifty satisfactory tests.

E. Bach writes from Aberdeen, S. Dakota: "We had Helen Stuart-Richings here for three evenings during the week. She earned golden opinions, and yet, in an orthodox place the people are too much frightened by public opinion to attend as they should. While the church is not as aggressive as it was, and while we can see that liberal ideas are steadily gaining, there are yet too many who are afraid to come and investigate. Mother Grundy looms up in the background a gigantic phantom, and many dare not brave her. As Mrs. Richings said: 'There are too many people living as yet in the basement and too few in the upper stories.' W. H. Bach will be here during December. Three years ago Spiritualism was a tabooed subject here."

Frank T. Ripley, the well-known lecturer and test medium, is with the Occult Society of Fort Wayne, Ind., this month. The hall was packed full on November 8 with interested listeners to his clear and able exposition of Spiritualism and his convincing tests of spirit return.

Mrs. Maggie Waite can be addressed at her home 311 Fall street, between Van Ness avenue and Polk street, San Francisco, Cal.

Prof. Lockwood has been very ill since the 22d of last month, being able to sit up only from three to five minutes at a time. Excellent care on the part of his wife and friends, visible and invisible, has carried him through, and he is now rapidly improving. He was engaged to speak at Bricklayers' Hall during the present month. We will assure Bro. Lockwood's audience that when Prof. L. is able to speak they will hear something to make them think and think.

A. C. Cotton, an old-time worker in the cause, has again entered the lecture field. He can be addressed for engagements at Vineland, N. J.

Will C. Hodge, inspirational speaker, began a course of lectures on Monday evening at Jacksonville, Ill. He is open for engagements anywhere, and desires to be kept busy. Will attend funerals. Address, 471 Madison street, Chicago.

Mrs. H. S. Lake speaks during November in Anderson, Ind., the platform of the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance being filled during her absence by Mrs. F. O. Hyzer. Mrs. Lake will return and resume her charge the first Sunday in December.

Anna M. Hanes, of Portland, Oregon, writes: "The October number of your paper, dated the 21st, has just come into my hands, and I was at once impressed to read 'Obsessions.' My spirit-friend says: 'We can liberate this young lady if we can obtain her address. To me her case is not startling or wonderful in any way, but readily understood, and my whole heart goes out in sympathy to her, for I understand how dreadful obsession is, for I have treated some wonderful cases.'"

Maggie L. House writes from Lexington, Neb.: "I wish to say that there was not one Spiritualist in this town when I came here; but there has been a great awakening. They all speak very highly of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Grand Spiritualist Convention at Cheating, Mich., November 17, 18 and 19, 1893, of Saginaw Valley Spiritualist societies. Object: The formation of an association to hold quarterly meetings and create a circuit for speakers. Speakers: Hon. L. V. Moulton, Grand Rapids; Mrs. Anna L. Robinson, test medium and pastor of Port Huron Society; Mrs. Martha E. Root, Bay City; Dr. Charles Andrus, Saginaw; Mrs. Dr. Sarah Allen, Flint; Mr. D. P. Dewey, Grand Blanc. All meetings held at the Cheating, Mich. Opera house, and interspersed with good music by choruses of Cheating's best singers. All Spiritualists invited to participate in the exercises and to consider this their meeting. The public are very cordially invited to all sessions. Free entertainment furnished visitors to the convention. All expecting to attend, please notify immediately. Mrs. W. MILLER, Secretary Cheating Society.

C. E. Wright says: "The words are full of 'em' is an old saying, and is very applicable to the growth of mediumship at the present day, and it is an evidence of the truth that inspiration and revelation are now being given to mankind through our prophets or mediums by angels or spirits sent from the Fathered all God. Mediums are being developed on every hand, and the promoters of creeds and dogmas are shaking with fear. On a recent visit at Gallen, Mich., I found one J. S. Ingles, a farmer, whose occupation is somewhat interfered with by influences who are using him as a healing medium. He has been the instrument of some wonderful cures, and is treating some at a distance successfully. Also his daughter, Mrs. D. B. Prince, is developing wonderful powers as a healer, and speaks an inspirational vocal and instrumental musician."

Mrs. Ollie Denslow is now located at 207 Thirty-first street, Chicago. She gives private sittings for slate-writing and spirit manifestations. Trumpet circles Monday and Wednesday evenings. Will answer calls for circles in private families.

The Spiritual Research Society of Minneapolis, Minn., has secured the services of Mrs. S. M. Lowell as their platform lecturer, and will hold meetings every Sunday evening at Elk's hall, corner 1st avenue S. and Washington.

Dr. I. A. Gregorowitch, known as a hypnotist, etc., has gone to Milwaukee on invitation of Spiritualist friends, to give an exhibition of his powers.

F. Stacy Whitney writes that Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Perkins after assiduous labor succeeded in having a society organized in Tacoma, Wash., which now numbers upwards of thirty working members, known as the Psychic Truth Seekers. Meetings are held twice on Sunday in Macaulay's Hall, besides circles and developing classes during the week. At the society's last business meeting resolutions highly appreciative and commendatory of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins were adopted. There is considerable talent in the society which will be brought out at the meetings. The prospect is bright for the cause.

Mrs. M. E. Aldrich is lecturing for the Unity Spiritual Society of Santa Cruz, Cal., for November.

Mrs. S. M. Bartholmes writes from Stockton, Cal., that herself and Mr. B. have been located in Sacramento eight weeks with much success. They gave five public lectures and two test circles each week. The interest so increased that at the last circle twenty persons had to be turned away. Spiritualism has become the one subject of talk. Seven mediums have been developed, and the interest is growing. Bishop A. Beals spoke in Stockton, November 6th. He is a fine speaker and singer, and the people seemed well pleased. Mr. and Mrs. Bartholmes expect to remain in Stockton during November and then return to Sacramento in December.

G. W. Van Horn, inspirational speaker and test medium, will make dates for engagements for any society or as pioneer organizer. Address for terms 324 W. Madison street, Chicago, Ill.

Proceedings of The National Organization.

The Board of Trustees of The National Spiritualist Association met in Washington, D. C., November 1, and completed the work of the Chicago convention by signing articles of incorporation under the laws of the District of Columbia. The ablest jurists in the land were consulted in regard to the charter, and the result of their joint opinions is the carefully-drawn instrument now on record in the Register's office in Washington. An excellent code of by-laws was adopted, and provisions made for chapters for auxiliary societies. Circulars and literature descriptive of the objects of the National Association were ordered printed for general distribution. Sunday, December 17, was especially appointed as a "National Jubilee Day." Reference to this important measure is made at length in another column in this journal.

The several meetings of the Board were pleasant and perfectly harmonious. The serious illness of Mr. George P. Colby, of Florida, one of the most popular and hard-working members of the Board, was the only cloud that marred the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. Colby reached Washington in season to be present at a few preliminary meetings, but was soon stricken with pneumonia, hence was unable to attend the later sessions of the Board. At this writing, Mr. Colby is reported to be slowly improving, with the prospect of being on the list of convalescents for a long time to come. His complete recovery is looked upon as probable. His Washington address is 1121 Penth street, N. W., at the pleasant home of Dr. T. H. and M. Cora Bland, with whom he fortunately found shelter.

The question of publishing in book form the proceedings of the late convention in Chicago was considered at length. The manuscript was reported to be in readiness for the press, and several bids for the printing of the same were received when it was found that the finances of the Association would not permit of its being done at present, unless a special fund was raised by the friends of the cause for that purpose. At least 1,250 copies, at twenty-five cents each, must be subscribed for in order to cover the bare expense of publication. In view of this fact, the Board decided to lay the matter before the Spiritualists of the country for their final action.

The work has been carefully edited, and now awaits the pledge of only a few cents from each earnest Spiritualist to place it in readable form before the world. It will be a work of nearly or quite two hundred pages, containing some of the choicest gems of thought ever uttered in behalf of Spiritualism. It is an honor to the cause, and will reflect great credit upon it. To allow this work, so valuable in many respects, to remain unpublished would be a blot upon the name of Spiritualism, and we do not believe that the delegates and friends of the recent convention will ever consent to its being lost to the world.

About 250 copies have already been subscribed for, and other orders are being solicited. Send in your pledges, friends, for at least one copy of this excellent work. It will only cost you twenty-five cents, and you will receive a work worth more than four times that sum. There will be no reduction in price on any large number of books ordered by any one firm, or individual, on account of the cost. The address of Hon. Milan C. Edison, Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, Mrs. Ada Sheehan, Mrs. R. S. Lillie, Hon. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. Annie B. H. Jackson, Mrs. H. S. Laid, Mrs. H. Drake, Mrs. Emma Nickerson-Warne, Hon. J. B. Townsend, Judge E. Thompson, Mrs. Maud Lord-Drake, Mrs. Anna Orvis and many others, are valuable additions to the literature of Spiritualism, and should be given a conspicuous place. Each single address is worth far more than the cost of the entire book.

Besides the able addresses above mentioned, the book will contain the name and post office address of every delegate to the convention. Mrs. H. V. Richmond's splendid paper on "Spiritualism," presented by her to the Parliament of Religions, and accepted by that august body, will also be found in this work. This paper, in the opinion of the writer, is one of the ablest and clearest expositions of the truths of Spiritualism that it has ever been his privilege to read.

Prof. J. S. Loveland's paper, prepared for the same purpose, will also probably appear in this work.

The matter of publishing this fine book now rests with the Spiritualists themselves. Who will be the first to send in a pledge for one, five, ten or one hundred copies of this book, to our Secretary? By so doing, you will strengthen the hands of your national officers, and at the same time show your own interest in the cause as especially represented at the convention in Chicago. We do not ask for your money in advance; we merely ask you for pledges, which will enable us to order the book in the edition that we shall issue. We ought to receive orders for 10,000 copies within ten days after this letter is read by the patrons of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Now, friends, do not hesitate long; send in your orders by letter or on a postal card, with your post office address, plainly written. Remember that the cost is only twenty-five cents, and that you are to have a book worth far more than a dollar in return for that small sum.

Address all orders to Robert A. Dimmick, Secretary N. S. A., 510 E. street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

MRS. RICHMOND'S FLYING TRIP TO WASHINGTON.

To this Editor:—One would naturally think that a journey from Chicago to the capital and return, between two Sundays, would leave very little time while there either for business or pleasure, even when business or duty is the pleasure; but these are days of marvels, and nothing is more wonderful than to take passage in a gliding palace, with every luxury of a first-class hotel, sleep out the dreamest part of the journey, when there is no scenery to enrapture the gaze, and amid the most comfortable and pleasant surroundings, crowned and robed in the still glorious and regal tints of autumn, and at another eventide, just twenty-six hours' schedule time from Chicago, arrive at the Capital not a thousandth part of a minute late!

We are continually reminded, however, by our invisible friends, that these gliding, winding, sinuous railway palaces are things of dust and cumbersome clay compared to the ships of air that will one day, not far distant, bear us and our belongings from land to land. We close our eyes and wonder what another half century will bring.

Duty alone could impel one to take the journey above described, and that duty was, in the case of the writer, to attend the first meeting of the Board of Directors of the National Spiritualist Association of the U. S. A.—a meeting fraught with interest, full of harmonious activity and promise of useful labor. To be met at the train by the members of the National Association of Spiritualists for more than thirty years, the genial and gifted George A. Bacon; to be escorted, with my lady companion, to his beautiful home in the Capital; to rest as only such surroundings can make one rest; to go in the morning to the new headquarters of our National Association, at 510 E. street, N. W., and find Secretary Dimmick already ensconced there, with a cheerful fire burning in the grate, and a more cheerful smile than that of any president I have known; to find that all members of the Board had arrived, and those on committees had been at work, ready for the regular meeting—all this was, indeed, most encouraging.

One drawback alone was there when we were called to order by President Barrett on November 1st, for our first official meeting—the dangerous illness of our brother and co-worker, George P. Colby, of Florida, who was taken ill before arriving in Washington from the Northwest, but not prostrated until he reached the Capital. His illness, which was pneumonia, threatened to be most serious, and we were deprived of his presence and valuable counsel.

Our first duty was to sign, at the office of Judge Mills (who had carefully prepared them), the articles of incorporation, making them conform to the constitution adopted in Chicago, and to the laws of the District of Columbia. Next, to adopt the by-laws that were to govern our Board, the committees appointed in Chicago by our president having prepared and submitted a report. This and other necessary business, particularly that of making out the plans of work for the year, was all accomplished in two rather protracted sessions of the Board.

Every one was prompt, earnest, fraternal, and all were imbued with the feeling of a sacred duty to perform, which was enhanced by the presence and spoken blessings of the unseen ones when our labors were ended.

The society of Washington, of which I am a member, tendered to the Board, as a body, a public reception on Wednesday evening, November 1st, at its beautiful hall, which was accepted, and we went together, finding on our arrival a company of nearly three hundred people to receive us.

We were escorted to a platform decorated with flowers, and each in turn invited to speak. Some only bowed; some promised to do their part in added work. Those who did speak, certainly did so with earnestness, enthusiasm and devotion to the cause. Nothing could have been more delightful than the fraternal spirit and cordial good fellowship manifested by all these Washington friends, who, while belonging to different societies, nevertheless on this occasion, and for the larger work, merged all their past local differences, if they had any, in one grand "love-feast" of Spiritualism. Choice music was fittingly interspersed with the speaking, and the evening closed with a general handshaking and the manifold happy predictions for the future of our cause and the work of the National Association.

The next evening, Thursday, November 2d, and after all our business was done, "mine host" Mr. Bacon, mindful ever of hospitable ways, and in memory of "Auld Lang Syne," invited the members of the Board and a few friends to meet the writer in an informal gathering, such as—ah! if I allowed the faded petals of memory to turn back, they would tell of "Congressional receptions" in which forty or fifty of our nation's legislators twenty-five years ago participated, clustering around "Water Lily" and those who controlled her for every word that might come from the higher life; they would tell of more private meetings every week when the measures of "Reconstruction" and the "Fifteenth Amendment" were the themes upon which advice was sought and received; they would tell of the exciting scenes in Congress when we women never thought of doing anything else, but would pass to the galleries of either House to watch and listen to the exciting and most thrilling debates of that most critical time in our nation's history. Sometime, I think, I will write it all, and the part that I, as an instrument of the Spirit-world, was enabled to take in the history of that time—not now.

The evening at the home of Brother Bacon closed our visit to Washington, and with many old friendships renewed, many new ones formed, we parted, those of the directors who live at the Capital to do the work assigned them there, the others to do the work they are entrusted with for the association, wherever they reside.

Mrs. Lizzie Sloper, of San Francisco, with a zeal that promises great results on the Pacific slope, was my companion to and from Washington. She remained from home a month longer than she intended, to go to Washington and attend this meeting of the Board. Her unexpected election by the Chicago convention as one of the Board of Directors, made her humbly feel the great duty entrusted to her, and we found her, although inexperienced in such business, a most earnest and enthusiastic pro-

SIGNIFICANT LETTER.

It Shows the Prominence of The Progressive Thinker

Boston, Mass. Oct 26, 1893

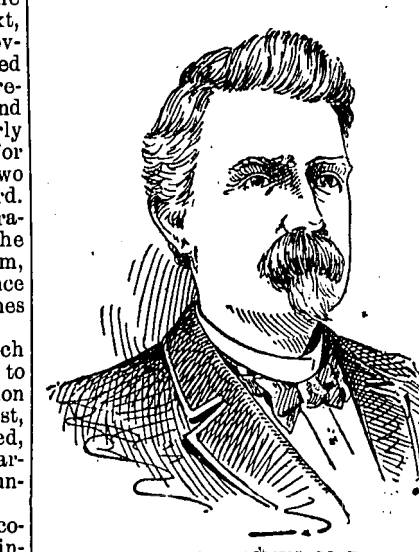
Dear Progressive Thinker;
Here is a point that will interest you. A Chicago advertisement writing for the Progressive Thinker, Chicago, that cost him \$400 and he has already realized \$800. I answered him that he had better keep it up.
Cordially yours,
J. Winfield Weston

motor of the work the Board had to perform.

The secretary, Mr. Robert Dimmick, will forward to the local societies, as soon as printed, copies of the constitution and by-laws, especial circulars for local work, and applications for charters to be filled sent by local societies, and I earnestly enjoin all my co-workers on the rostrum, and all mediums, to inter themselves in this united work for mutual protection and for the furtherance of the general work of promoting and promulgating the truths of Spiritualism. It was ordered by the Board that each director act as the local representative of the Association in his or her locality. It will, therefore, give me great pleasure to furnish any information in my power, and to co-operate with local societies in their efforts to aid this work. Of course Secretary Robert A. Dimmick, 510 E. street, N. W., Washington, D. C., is the one to apply to for charters, etc.

Leaving the beautiful capital dome and the lovely city crowned with the golden autumn sunshine, the three women members of the Board left on Friday morning for our respective homes—Mrs. Sloper for the Pacific coast, Mrs. Skidmore for Casca, Casca Lake, and your humble servant for her regular work in Chicago, where, as the congregation know, she was promptly on hand to fulfill the regular duties of Sunday.

CORA L. V. RICHMOND.



H. V. SWERINEN, M. D.

PREDICTIONS That Were Fulfilled.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"In my younger days there was a dinner given in the village of Florenburg, Westphalia, where I was born, on the occasion of a baptism, to which the clergyman, a very worthy man, was invited. During dinner the conversation turned upon the grave-digger of the place, who was well known, particularly on account of his second-sight, and even feared; for as often as he saw a corpse, he was always telling that there would be a funeral out of such and such a house. Now, as the event invariably took place, the inhabitants of the house he indicated were placed by the man's tale in a great dilemma and anxiety, particularly if there was any one in the house who was ill or sickly, whose death might probably be hastened if the prediction was not concealed from him—which, however, generally took place. This man's prophecy was an abomination to the clergyman. He forbade it, he reproved, he scolded, but all to no purpose; for the poor dolt, although he was a drunkard, and a man of low and vulgar sentiments, believed firmly that it was a prophetic gift of God, and that he must make it known in order that people might still repent. At length, as all reproof was in vain, the clergyman gave him notice that if he announced one funeral more, he should be deprived of his place, and expelled the village. This availed—the grave-digger was silent from that time forward. Half a year afterward, in autumn, about the year 1745, the grave-digger comes to the clergyman and says: 'Sir, you have forbidden me to announce any more funerals, and I have not done so since, nor will I do so any more; but I must now tell something that is particularly remarkable, that you may see that my second sight is really true. In a few weeks a corpse will be brought up the meadow which will be drawn on a sledge by an ox.' The clergyman seemingly paid no attention to this, but listened with indifference, and replied: 'Only go about your business and leave off such superstitious follies; it is sinful to have anything to do with them.'"

The thing, nevertheless, appeared extremely singular and remarkable to the clergyman for, in my country, a corpse being drawn on a sledge by an ox is most disgraceful, because the bodies of those that commit suicide, and notorious malefactors, are thus drawn on sledges.

"Some weeks after a strong body of Austrian troops passed through the vil-

lage on their way to the Netherlands. While resting there a day, the snow fell nearly three feet deep. At the same time a woman died in another village of the same parish. The military took away all the horses out of the country to drag their wagons. Meanwhile the corpse lay there; no horses came back; the corpse began to putrefy, and the stench became intolerable; they were, therefore, compelled to make a virtue of necessity—to place the corpse upon a sledge and harness an ox to the vehicle.

"In the meantime the clergyman and the schoolmaster with his scholars proceeded to the entrance of the village to meet the corpse; and, as the funeral came along the meadow in this array, the grave-digger stepped up to the clergyman, pulled him by the gown, pointed with his finger to it, and said not a word.

"Such was the tale, with all its circumstances, as related by the clergyman. I was well acquainted with the good man; he was incapable of telling an untruth, much less in a matter which contradicted all his principles."

Another history of this kind, for the truth which I can vouch, was related to me by my late father and his brother, both very pious men, and to whom it would have been impossible to have told a falsehood.

"Both of them had business, on one occasion, in the Westphalian province of Mark, when they were invited to dinner at the Protestant preacher's. During the repast the subject of second-sight was likewise brought upon the carpet. The minister spoke of it with acrimony, because he had also a grave-digger who was afflicted with that evil; he had often and repeatedly forbidden him from mentioning it, but all to no purpose.

"On one occasion the prognosticator came to the minister and said: 'I have to tell you, sir, that in a short time there will be a funeral from your house, and you will have to follow the coffin before all the other funeral attendants.'"

"Immediately afterward the preacher's servant-maid died of an apoplexy. Now, it is the custom there for the master of the house, on such occasions, to immediately follow the coffin, before the next relatives; but this time the preacher endeavored to avoid it, in order to confound the corpse-seer. He did not venture, however, to offend the parents of the deceased, which he would have done most grossly if he had not followed the coffin. He found, therefore, a suitable excuse in the circumstance that his wife—who, according to the custom prevalent there, was then to go to church for the first time after her confinement—should take his place, and he would then accompany the schoolmaster and his scholars, as was usual.

"This was discussed and agreed upon, and the parents were likewise satisfied with it. On the day when the family was to take place the company assembled at the parsonage. The coffin lay on a bier in the porch; the schoolmaster with his scholars stood in a circle in front of the house and sang; the minister was just going out to his appointed place; his wife stepped behind the coffin, and the bearers laid hold of the bier, when that very moment the minister's wife fell down in a fit; she was taken into the house, and brought again to herself, but was so ill that she could not go to church; and the minister was so terrified by this accident that he no longer occurred to him to make the grave-digger into a liar, but he stepped very quietly behind the coffin, as the prognosticator would have it."

H. V. SWERINEN.

THANKS!

TO THE EDITOR:—I beg leave to thank you for your justice in publishing Jason Roberts' rejoinder to the charges made by Prof. J. R. Buchanan some years ago against Mr. J. M. Roberts, not that I think he needs any vindication—and if he did, the mature psychometric judgment of Mrs. Buchanan (formerly Mrs. C. H. Decker), verified in the life and work of my lamented friend, is sufficient. I consider the case now closed, and would not interfere with it if I could, and the more so because I think the accuser suffers more from his own detraction untraced than the accused could do under any circumstances.

A NEW CAMP-MEETING.

The undersigned are organizing a Spiritual Camp to be located in Florida this coming winter. Other camps and societies are cordially invited to join with us. For further particulars address G. W. Carpenter, M. D., 125 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. D. H. Elliott, 2024 Lake Park avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Helena F. Spalding, 2024 Lake Park avenue, Chicago, Ill.



THE PSYCHOGRAPH OR DIAL PLANCHETTE.

This instrument has now been thoroughly tested by numerous investigators, and has proved more satisfactory than the planchette, both in regard to the certainty and correctness of the communications, and as a means of developing mediumship. Many who were not aware of their mediumistic gift have, after a few sittings, been able to receive astonishing communications from their departed friends.

Capt. D. S. Edwards, (Orion, N. Y.), writes: "I had communications (by the psychograph) from many other friends, even from those who were long dead. I have never been so comforted in the severe loss I have had of son, daughter, and other relatives. Dr. Edgar Cayce, whose writings have made his name familiar to those interested in psychical matters, writes as follows: 'I am much pleased, and the psychograph you sent me, and will thoroughly test it. The first opportunity I may have. It is very simple in principle, and the communications are most valuable. I am more sensitive to spirit power than I was some time ago. I believe it will generally supersede the latter when the superior results are known.'"

A. J. Miller, journalist and poet, in an editorial notice of the instrument in his paper, the Washington Times, writes: "The Psychograph is an improvement upon the planchette, having a dial and letters, with a few words, and the communications are apparently required to give the communications. We do not hesitate to recommend it to all who care to test the question whether spiritism is real and communicable."

Just what investigators want. Home circles want, prices by mail free with full directions for use, \$1.00. For sale at this office.

HYPNOTISM; Its Facts, Theories and Related Phenomena, with Explanatory Anecdotes, Descriptions and Reminiscences.

BY CARL SEXTUS. THE BOOK IS largely a record of the facts and demonstrations which the author has seen or presented in his own experiments. The history of the various phases of the science is fully stated. Many of the experiments described occurred in Chicago. The pictorial illustrations are of the highest quality. The book is a most interesting and instructive to the general reader, as well as helpful and instructive to the student. The book is bound in cloth. Price, \$2.00. For sale at this office of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

HOW TO MESMERIZE. FULL AND COMPREHENSIVE INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO MESMERIZE. Also is Spiritualism Traced by Prof. J. W. Caldwell. Ancient and modern methods of mesmerism, and the connection this science has with Spiritualism. It is pronounced by Allen P. French and other noted writers. Paper, pp. 128. 10 cents. For sale at this office.

ROMANISM AND THE REPUBLIC. A WORK THAT EVERY LOVER OF HIS country should have at hand for consultation. By Rev. Isaac Loring M. This is a most able work, consisting of a Discussion of the Purpose, Assumptions, Principles and Methods of the Catholic Hierarchy. The work contains 44 pages, and may be considered a most valuable information for every patriot in the land. Price \$1. For sale at this office.

STUDIES IN PSYCHIC SCIENCE. An invaluable work, by Hudson Tuttle. Price \$1.25. ALL ABOUT DEVILS. BY MOSES. A full and complete history of the evil forces of our heavenly home. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Highly interesting. Postage 5 cents. Price 75 cents. THE SPIRIT'S WORK. WHAT I HEARD, SAW AND FELT at Casca Lake. By H. L. Suydam. It is a pamphlet that will well pay perusal. Price 10 cents.

THE DIAMMA, AND THEIR EARTHLY VICTIMS. By A. J. Davis. A work as interesting as it is curious. Price 50 cents. BY THE ANGEL WORKERS. BY ALTON PUTNAM. A most marvelous book. Price 75 cents. AGE OF REASON. BY THOMAS. A book that all should read. Price 50 cents. REAL LIFE IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. Given inspirationally by Mrs. Maria M. King. A full and complete history of the life and work of a spirit. Price 75 cents. LIFE AND LABOR IN THE SPIRIT-LAND. World. Also Mrs. Mary E. Shelhamer. It shows in fact the history of the life and work of a spirit. Price 50 cents. LIFE IN THE STONE AGE; THE History of Abner, Chief Priest of a Band of A. T. A. members, who lived in the Stone Age. You should read this work. Price 50 cents.

RECYCLES OF ORIENTAL HISTORY, embracing the origin of the Jews, the time and development of Zoroastrianism and the derivation of Christianity; to which is added, The time of the Aryans Ancestors? By G. W. Brown, M. D. One of the most interesting works ever published. Price \$1.00. GOSPEL OF NATURE. BY H. L. Sherman and Wm. F. Lyon. A book replete with spiritual truths. Price \$1.00. THE MYTH OF THE GREAT DELUGE. Something you would have to refer to. By J. H. P. PHILOSOPHY OF SPIRITUAL IN. By Andrew Jackson Davis. A new



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It Is Among Dark Spirits.

They Reside on the Very Lowest Planes.

Humanitarian Efforts to Redeem Them.

A Work Inaugurated by Noble Souls.

PART SECOND.

A SEANCE—REVENGE.

In the following account of seances held, no fixed rule will be adhered to. Some will be simple narratives of events as they transpired, containing here and there scraps of dialogue, while others will be mostly composed of the statements, questions and answers as brought forth in various instances.

Of course much of the information given to those who come to us, especially that relating to progression, correction of mistakes made in earth-life, explanations regarding heaven, hell and the judgment day, are necessary in nearly every case. Hence a verbatim report of each seance would necessitate a vast amount of repetition, and that I shall endeavor to avoid as much as possible.

The seances from which I have selected the material for these papers have been formed and held almost exclusively for this mission work. One circle, composed at present of five regular members, including the medium, is devoted entirely to mission work. So also is another, composed of three members including the medium. A third has ten regular members.

In the first mentioned circle most of the conversation with the individuals needing assistance is carried on by a spirit control of one of the members of the circle. The controlling intelligence has been a long time in Spirit-life, and is well-versed in the needs of those who are to be assisted. In the smaller circle I converse with those who come to us, following the impressions given me by the band of spirits who work in connection with us. And in the larger circle all of the members join in the conversation to a greater or less extent.

We are informed by our spirit friends that the entire benefit of the seances is not derived alone by the spirit who manifests, but that in nearly, if not in every instance, there are many present who are in a similar condition to that of the one or ones who manifest, and that by listening to the conversation all are benefited alike.

The following account of a seance illustrates the workings of revenge:

THE WORKINGS OF REVENGE.

A spirit came to us not long since who was in a terrible passion with one whom he called "Bill B."

The immediate circumstances leading up to this fit of passion were sufficient to have angered almost any human being, and were as follows: A horse had been stolen, and the man who came to us had been accused by the person whom he called "Bill" of being the thief. It was in vain that he protested his innocence, the crowd would not believe his declaration, and he was lynched.

When his spirit left the body his mind was so filled with anger against the one who had falsely accused him, that no thoughts entered there other than those of anger and a desire for revenge. He was not even aware of the fact that he had entered Spirit-life.

In our talk with him we first ascertained the cause of his pitiable condition, and then we endeavored to calm his mind. After we had succeeded in quieting him, and had gotten him in a condition where he could forget his wrongs long enough to give his attention to that which we wished to say to him, we explained the change that had taken place in his life.

When he became fully aware that he was indeed an inhabitant of the Spirit-world, he stepped aside, and there came in his stead one who seemed weighed down with remorse. He prayed for annihilation, anything that would bring rest and peace of mind.

We asked him what it was that pressed so heavily on his conscience. At first he was loth to acquaint us with the cause of his distress, but upon our assurance that we only desired to aid him, and that we knew that a free and open account of the whole matter would be conducive to his peace of mind, he told us his story.

There was an acquaintance of his who had in many ways aggravated him, until a desire for revenge had taken possession of his mind.

never to return, but who are now fully convinced such is not the case.

Another prominent merchant on Dundas street attended several seances, and at each of which his sister, who passed over the Borderland some seven years ago, materialized, sometimes with her child in her arms (who also passed over a few weeks after her), and in every case she has conversed with him on different subjects. So delighted was he to meet her that he brought his wife, who instantly recognized her when she came out, and before her brother had spoken to her.

A prominent grocer of this city, who recently passed away, has materialized several times, and conversed with his son, giving instructions to him about certain business matters which were not completed at the time he passed out, and of which the medium could have had no knowledge. All these manifestations have been under strictly test conditions.

Ministers have come to her seances, sent there by their less confident brothers to tell them how the trick was performed, but left fully convinced they had been misinformed by their incredulous brethren, and that their friends still lived and could communicate with them.

Mrs. Moss is a most remarkable medium. The Spiritualists of London and surrounding district were very much pleased with her, and will gladly again welcome her to London, and hope she may be long spared to lead the blind and superstitious from the error of their ways.

London, Canada.

Santa Barbara.

Of all the memories sweet and golden,
None more beautiful and fair
Than the flowerland of Santa Barbara,
Free from winter's blighting air.

And as oft when pleasant dreams
Fold me with their saintly wings,
Then her banks and crystal springs
Lay vision fondly streams.

On her mountains, crowned with glory,
Come the heralds of the day,
Bringing back the ancient story
When the Master went to pray.

Nature nightly holds her vigils,
O'er her gardens, streams and vales,
Filling all the air with music
And her love-bewitching tales.

Santa Barbara! land of beauty,
Clustering vines and sweet perfume,
Nestling close beside thy mountains,
Rises to view each pictured home.

Oft my spirit gathers near you,
In its hours of discontent,
Where, beneath her cloudless blue,
Heaven lights up its firmament.

Vale of beauty, fruits and flowers,
Never were there scenes more fair
Than thy shady walks and bowers,
And the incense of the air.

When my spirit leaves the mortal
On its pilgrimage above,
Bear me through its flower-wreathed
portals,
Angels of celestial love.

—Bishop A. Beale.

Angelic Forms.

To THE EDITOR:—Allow me to enclose for publication, provided you deem it worthy, the following article, as it has been forwarded to me by Miss Coffeen from Covington, Ind.

Covington, Ohio. Lewis J. Kohn.

From St. Joseph daily Herald, September 10, 1898:

ANGEL FORMS IN SOLEMN PROCESSION MARCH WITH STately TREAD.

On last Saturday evening, while those who saw it were viewing the strange and unusual band of light which appeared in the northern sky, and speculating upon its origin, which has since been variously accounted for as being the tail of the new comet, or the tails of the two new comets, others were gazing awestricken upon yet stranger things in another part of the heavens. This most wonderful and strangest of all phenomena is best described in the language of Miss Coffeen, of the Indiana Normal College, who, with a number of her neighbors, witnessed the magnificent presence of forms other than those of earth. Miss Coffeen says: "It was about 9:30 o'clock when I heard my neighbors, the Gregorys, conversing in excited tones, and, going to the door, saw them bring their mother, an aged invalid, out of the house, that she might see the strange things in the sky. As soon as I saw it I screamed for the neighbors, a number of whom came, and witnessed with me a heavenly host of angels, with flowing robes, marching in pairs in solemn procession and with stately tread through the heavens toward us. They were so real, so life-like, that it seemed that one could distinguish the measured movements of their perfect forms through their gauzy coverings. The spirit company numbered from twenty-four to thirty members, who would suddenly appear in the southwestern heavens, and, after advancing through from twenty-five to thirty degrees of space in a northwesterly direction, would suddenly disappear and be replaced by a like number, who would appear, advance and disappear in the same manner."

Miss Coffeen and the others are intelligent and practical people. They were, however, much impressed with the strange visitation, the like of which they never heard of before. The phenomena lasted fully ten minutes.

Miss Coffeen states that her home is Covington, Ind., where she has been, for the past five years, teacher of higher mathematics in the college. Formerly she was principal of schools in Shipman, Ill. If you have a theory as to the cause, should be glad to hear it.

Catherine II. of Russia had her husband assassinated, and from his death to her own ruled alone.

Napoleon often swore at Josephine, and when she cried told her to hush. "It makes your nose red."

Shelley married an innkeeper's daughter who proved uncongenial. He left her, and she committed suicide.

GRACE DARLING.

What a beautiful name, and how still more graceful and beautiful the character of this heroic child, of nature. Unconventional to a high degree, living and loving she made the world better by her presence, her whole life an epitome of kindness and domestic felicity that rarely falls in the line of heroic history. Great souls are born, not made; circumstances only shape their career; the inner forces are at the helm and control physical expression beyond mortal knowledge or comprehension, that is all. This child of destiny was born at Bamfborough, on the coast of Northumberland, November 24, 1815. Her father was keeper of the Longshore lighthouse on one of the most exposed of the Farne Islands. On the night of September 6, 1838, the Farnhamshire steamer was wrecked on one of the crags of the Farne Group. On the morning of the 7th Grace was awakened before daybreak; her first impression was, what was it that awoke me? It might have been the wind. She listened, could hear no sound and then said, "Perhaps it was the winds, and yet it should not do so, since I am so used to hear them." She then heard piercing, penetrating cries; she sprang out of bed and said, "O God, help me, and show me what is right to do." She then sought her father, and it was some time before he would listen to her story, until her pleadings awakened his sympathies. A telescope revealed persons clinging to a wreck, but still her father shook his head, as none of her brothers were at home. But still Grace's pleadings in the cause of humanity and her willingness to take her brothers' place caused him to say, "Very well, Grace, I will let you persuade me against my will." So, after overcoming her mother's objection, for she, too, at first said positively, "No," the consent was reluctantly given, but kisses rendered both parents and kind words and assurance that all would come out right sealed the pledge. Grace helped her father to get the boat ready and was the first to spring in and seize a pair of oars, and amid mist and fog ploughed their way through the heavy crater despite the foam that dashed in her face and the salt water that made her eyes smart; though her back was sore and her arms tired they reached the islands and brought away nine persons that were clinging to rocks and broken pieces of the ship.

While much credit may be due her father for skill, physical strength, experience, etc., he was (in a measure) but a bob to the kite, as his doubts were with him all through the perilous journey; even when near the islands his courage somewhat failed him. He said to Grace, "I'm afraid we'll be held on the rocks by the receding tide," but Grace said positively, "No, never fear."

What caused this poor, tired girl to say, "No," when she really did not know in a practical nautical sense of the danger she was in? It was properly ordained that she did not, for wiser powers had made her the leader, as she suggested taking the boat between the islands, a rather dangerous method of operating in such a storm. The return was even more perilous and fraught with greater danger than the outward one, as the wind was still higher; those taken on board were too exhausted to render help, and thus the poor, back-aching girl was forced to do her full share of the rowing. We Spiritualists believe the rescue was the result of judicious spirit-forces using mortals in a work of redemption, with Grace Darling as the medium or positive battery. She in turn may have psychologized her parents through her dominating power of love and affection; of course, not being a fully conscious medium, she was not aware of the wonderful force that awakened her on the memorable night of September 7, 1838, and attempted to use her reasoning power as a solution; but that would not answer; such appeals appear as sophistry when the inner forces are acting. Her very exclamation, "O God, help and show me what is right to do," was but an appeal that asked guidance from a higher source, and it came as instantaneous as a flash of light, which it truly was in this case. Her father, being the lesser battery, did not know or feel any of those finer vibrations that came to his sensitive daughter. She was not physically strong, and in fulfilling her mission the reserved forces were severely taxed, for after the rescued had been brought to their home they had to be nursed and taken care of several days before they were able to look after themselves. So sure was Grace of success that as they were about starting she told her mother to be sure to have the fires in good condition and plenty of wraps and quilts on hand; as they would need them. Many in reviewing the work done by this chosen disciple of a better world consider it that of a hearty, robust girl with manly instincts, and therefore nothing more than might be looked for on such an occasion. But a closer insight reveals the fact that Grace was in feelings a really cultured person, and educated to a degree that she was familiar with the works of Goldsmith, Cowper, Milton and Shakespeare, and a dear lover of poetry, that fosters sentiment. Sentiment expresses itself best as love, and as love is the dominant factor that rules the world, no wonder her feelings were led out to aid suffering humanity in their many sorrows, and all this happy combination found within the charms of a modest, simple child of nature who lived chiefly within the confines of a lighthouse on one of the most exposed northern points of the Farne Islands. This young heroine, whose constitution was so severely drawn upon in her earnest endeavor to save others, gradually began to feel those tired feelings born of receding vitality. Still further on there was a deepening of the tired feelings and an opening of the door to consumption, and after two years of its life-sapping powers her mortal career of only twenty-two years had reached its earthly limitation, and her pure soul met its just and true reward.

Good-bye, Grace Darling! The memory of thy heroism and thy love of humanity holds for us a charm that time will not tarnish; nor

will the transient allurements of earth-joys cause thy image to grow less.

Philadelphia, Pa. FLORENCE E. ALCOOTT.

Cleveland Items.

Political excitement has been running very high in Ohio, and this city in particular. Even the Cleveland Spiritual Alliance caught the inspiration of the hour, and the pastor, Mrs. H. S. Lake, dealt some sturdy blows against the political corruption so prevalent in both parties. "The Political Duties of the Hour" was Mrs. L.'s theme Sunday, October 29th, in Army and Navy Hall.

Mrs. L. speaks during November in Anderson, Ind., Mrs. F. O. Hyzer occupying the rostrum of the C. S. A. while she is absent. Miss Maggie Gaula, the wonderful test medium, of Baltimore, Md., will follow Mrs. Hyzer's discourses with platform tests the last two Sundays.

A public reception was given Dr. William H. Terry, of Melbourne, Australia, October 29th, by the Spiritualists of Cleveland, under the auspices of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The doctor regaled the large audience present by his very interesting description of spiritualistic affairs in Australia, and was heartily applauded. The following from the Cleveland Leader of the 31st, tells of the pleasant social time the doctor had in Cleveland:

"A pleasant informal farewell reception to Dr. William H. Terry, of Australia, took place Monday evening at the home of Mr. Thomas Lees, No. 105 Cross street. The doctor, who came on a visit to the World's Fair, is making a tour of the principal cities of the country, and is now en route to the Eastern ones. He will remain in Boston at least two weeks. From there he will go to the Southern cities. He expects to reach home in mid summer, the latter part of January. Dr. Terry is the head and front of the spiritualistic movement in Australia, and publisher of a very successful magazine, the Harbinger of Light. The antipodean gave the company a very interesting account of his conversion to Spiritualism thirty years ago, and the circumstances which led to the publication of his magazine. Speeches followed by Mrs. H. S. Lake and others, interspersed with vocal and instrumental music. Dr. Terry left Tuesday morning for Buffalo, intending to take in the wonders of Niagara Falls."

William A. Mansfield, the slate-writer, is exercising his mediumship here in the psychographic phase, and holding public light-seances every Sunday evening, for other psychic phenomena. While attending his second term at the homeopathic college this fall and winter he is located at 154 Huron street.

It is our painful duty to record the transition of Mr. Fred Muhlbauer, a prominent citizen and manufacturer of Cleveland, and one of the most sincere and outspoken Spiritualists in the Forest City. The city flag at this writing is floating at half-mast, and hundreds of his friends are mourning his early demise, being only in his 52d year.

THOMAS LEES.

Base Ingratitude.

To THE EDITOR:—Some time since I had occasion to call the attention of your readers to the base ingratitude of the people of the United States towards the patriot and statesman, Thomas Paine. This was again manifest to me in a recent visit to the Columbian Exposition at Chicago. Many were the statuary and paintings of Columbus, and the popes and prelates of Catholicism, but nowhere did I see a statue or painting of Thomas Paine. It seems as though the whole affair had been engineered by a coterie of bigoted Christians. Elaborate paintings and massive statuary were there representing the crucifixion in all manner and form, but if there were any paintings or statuary of Thomas Paine, I did not see them. They were conspicuous for their absence. The discovery of America was a great achievement, but its dedication to civil and religious liberty through ages yet to come was far greater. In the latter great drama Paine was a principal character, and although he is purposely ignored as he was at Chicago, and also at Cleveland when the battles of Lexington and Concord were celebrated, yet as the truth of history is gradually unfolded, posterity will eventually do justice to the author of "The Age of Reason."

Thomas Paine was a friend of humanity. The following utterance, so apropos at present, rarely finds its way into print:

"Oh, my colleagues! let us hasten to give encouragement to agriculture and manufactures, that commerce may reinstate itself and our people have employment. Let us review the conditions of the suffering poor, and wipe from our country the reproach of forgetting them. Let us devise means to establish schools of instruction, that we may banish ignorance. Let us propagate morality unfettered by superstition. Let us cultivate justice and benevolence, that the God of our fathers may bless us."

These benevolent sentiments have been persistently concealed and ignored by the Christian world for a hundred years. "Let us pray!"

New Philadelphia, Ohio.

"A Witch of the Nineteenth Century."

We send free to all new subscribers the book chapters of this remarkable story. Now is the time to send in your orders. Sent three months for 25 cents.

Mollere, at the age of 40, married an actress aged 17, who soon ran away from him.

Hazlitt's wife cared nothing for his abilities, and kept him in hot water by her temper.

Milton had trouble with each of his wives, the fault being perhaps as much his own as theirs.

Ben Jonson's wife went to the inn after him if he staid too long and brought him home, tongue-lashing him all the way.

PERFECT MOTHERHOOD;

Or Mabel Raymond's Resolve.

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